

REDEMPTION:

A

P O E M,

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

By JOSEPH SWAIN, WALWORTH.

They shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord. Psal. cxxxviii. 5.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise. Psal. lvii. 7.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness. Psal. cxlv. 7.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands. Isaiah xlii. 11, 12.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which are prefixed Memoirs of the Author's Life.

L O N D O N :

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ADVERTISEMENT,

THE following Poem will be found, on comparison with the former Edition, to have undergone considerable alterations. It may, therefore, be needful to inform the Public, that these alterations were made, and the whole finished for the press, by the worthy Author himself; and that it has received from the Editor, neither alteration, nor addition.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. JOSEPH SWAIN.

MR. JOSEPH SWAIN, the Author of the following POEM, was born at Birmingham, in the year 1761. His father and mother died when he was very young; which, probably, was no small disadvantage, with regard to his education.

At an early age he was put apprentice to an Engraver, in the place of his nativity: but he did not finish his apprenticeship to his master at Birmingham. For, coming up to London, he served the latter part of the time to his Brother, who was of the same business.—Relative to the reasons and circumstances of his removal to the Metropolis, there is no information. They were, perhaps, of no material consequence; otherwise, it is generally profitable to mark the

interposition of Providence in every step we take.

After he came to London, he became acquainted with a circle of gay and thoughtless youths, that were extremely fond of plays, and of dancing. Being, himself, naturally of a lively, cheerful disposition, and possessing a poetical turn of mind; his company was much desired, and eagerly sought; especially after he had composed some Songs, Poems, and Plays: for then he was introduced to certain persons of superior character, who encouraged him in that line of conduct.

In the midst of these pursuits, however, it occurred to his mind, that he was neglecting the Holy Scriptures; that he was in the road to destruction; and that his end would be miserable. He, therefore, purchased a Bible: his convictions of sin increased; and his conscience was greatly alarmed with apprehensions of eternal ruin. For thus, in his Diary, April 2, 1782, he describes the state of his mind.

‘ I was followed, for about six months, or
‘ more, with dreadful ideas of eternal torments;
‘ and, particularly, in the night season: fearing
‘ left, by fire, or sickness, or some other means,

‘ I might be removed into the endless fire of
‘ hell. These things, [however, were not] ef-
‘ fectual to cause me to leave my worldly ac-
‘ quaintance, and sinful practices. For I still
‘ found that I loved my sins, and was not able
‘ to give them up; though I feared the punish-
‘ ment due to them. After a long succession
‘ of these things, together with many legal
‘ workings, and various attempts to make my
‘ own peace with God; on the day above men-
‘ tioned, as I was going with my companions
‘ in sin to a place of entertainment, I felt my
‘ heart gradually melted into love of *being*; into
‘ love of my *own* being; and desired that every
‘ body might be made happy.—I then attempted
‘ to seek to God by prayer; and was assisted
‘ with such a spirit of supplication, as, till then,
‘ I was a stranger to—I then had many
‘ passages of scripture brought to my remem-
‘ brance: wherein I saw myself as a *sinner*,
‘ and Christ as a *Saviour*. Yea, I saw and be-
‘ lieved that he died for me, and that I should
‘ soon be with him in glory, at the right hand
‘ of God. And oh! how did my enraptured
‘ soul rejoice in this great salvation, at this
‘ time! So great were the peace and satisfac-

‘tion I enjoyed, that I thought I could bear to
‘be confined in the darkeſt dungeon for ever;
‘provided, I might always feel, what I then
‘felt, of the preſence of God in my ſoul. And
‘ſo much did I fear getting back into the world
‘again, that I was ready to pray, that I might
‘never eat, drink, or be employed about earth-
‘ly things, any more for ever.—But ah! the
‘heavenly viſion was not to continue always;
‘as I ſoon found by experience. For, in about
‘two hours, from the time I went into the
‘place [of entertainment], a kind of coldneſs
‘ſeized my frame; and, almoſt on a ſudden, the
‘heavenly ſcene was ſnatched away, and I was
‘left with little more than the remembrance of
‘it; except that, in my heart, I felt an *aching*.
‘*void*, which I was perſuaded all things elſe
‘could never fill.’

Thus it pleaſed God to bring the Author of
this Poem to the knowledge of himſelf, without
the uſe of any external means, except the bleſſed
Bible. It is worthy of devout obſervation, that,
under ſuch remarkably unfavourable circum-
ſtances, the Holy Scripture ſhould prove effec-
tual to his conviction and converſion—ſhould
make him *wiſe unto ſalvation, through faith*

which is in Christ Jesus: while multitudes, who sit under the *joyful sound*, year after year, perish in ignorance and unbelief! -

No sooner was he acquainted with the way of salvation, than he began to warn his companions of their danger; and told them plainly, that if they would not go to heaven with him, he would endeavour to go by himself. An excellent example this, for all young Christians to follow! Reader, has the blessed Redeemer made you a partaker of his great salvation? Then,

- ' Tell to guilty sinners round,
- ' What a dear Saviour you have found:
- ' Point them to his redeeming blood,
- ' And say, *Behold the way to God!*

He had been used to compose Songs, and to sing them for his own amusement; but he could relish them no longer: for subjects of a nobler nature now occupied his mind. He, therefore, began to employ himself in composing Hymns for his own use: which, indeed, proved very beneficial to him; as it was the occasion of bringing him under an evangelical ministry, and of his becoming acquainted with truly religious people. For, when he was singing one

of his Hymns, a certain person, who had been used to attend an evangelical ministry, took notice of it; and asked him, 'What Hymn it was?' to which he replied, 'It is one of my own.' The person then gave him an invitation to go with him to Spa-Fields Chapel: to which he immediately consented. Accordingly, on the next Lord's day, they went: but it is not easy to describe, either the surprise he felt, or the delight he enjoy'd, in hearing the same things from the pulpit, which he had so recently experienced. This Discourse, which was preached by Mr. Wills, was the first *evangelical* sermon he ever heard. On being asked, How he approved the sermon? he replied, 'I am sure what the preacher said is true; for he has described my feelings better than I can myself.' He felt such love to the people who were at the chapel, that he would have been glad to have conversed with any of them. For he looked upon them all as excellent Christians, and supposed them all to be truly happy.

Soon after this, a friend took him to hear an Arminian preacher; whose doctrine was so different from his convictions and feelings, that he could by no means approve of it. This, though

apparently a trifling circumstance, proved of great importance to him: as it was the occasion, in the course of divine Providence, of his entering into that connection in which he became so happy and useful. For, his friend conversing with him respecting the sermon; and he giving his opinion upon it with great freedom; the former, with an air of surprise, replied; 'Why, you are a *Calvinist*!' But he, not knowing that professed Christians are distinguished by various denominations, answered; 'I am no *Calvinist*: I am a *Christian*.' His friend, however, finding his sentiments to bear that aspect, advised him to go and hear Mr. Rippon: saying, 'I think his preaching would suit you.' Accordingly he went, and found the ministry very much blessed to his edification. After having attended a considerable time, and formed a friendly acquaintance among the people; he was desirous of being baptized, and of joining the church. In pursuance of which, he was proposed as a candidate for communion; he publicly professed his faith in Jesus Christ; was baptized on May 11, 1783; received into fellowship with that church; and went on his way rejoicing.

He was, indeed, so remarkably full of love and zeal, that many of his Christian friends thought he was ripening fast for heaven. Once, after hearing a sermon preached by Mr. Berridge, he said to his wife, ' My dear, I do ' think I shall die with joy.' But, on seeing her much affected, he refrained; and said, he would endeavour to keep such parts of his experience to himself. But though, when in such delightful frames, he said very little respecting them; yet his countenance would shew, that his heart was overflowing with joy.

It is worthy of observation, however, that though his own enjoyments were so great, yet he had a tender regard for such as were weak in faith, and harassed with fears: taking every opportunity of administering consolation to persons of this cast. And, indeed, he well knew what it was to be exercised with darkness and temptation: for though he experienced so much *joy and peace in believing*, he felt much of *the plague of his own heart*.

It may be justly supposed, that his being so habitually employed in devoutly meditating on the infinitely excellent Jesus, and on his great salvation, was a mean of his enjoying such an

high degree of happiness. Are you desirous, Christian reader, of possessing an equal measure of spiritual peace and holy joy? Then, frequently meditate on the exceeding riches of grace, as displayed in saving the most ungodly sinners that believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

That the Reader may form some notion of the various exercises which Mr. SWAIN had in his own mind, in the interval between his joining the church before mentioned, and his being solemnly called to the ministerial work; I will produce a few extracts from his Diary.

‘ July 17, 1783. Bitterness of soul inexpressible. Much relief from private prayer. ‘ Surprising deliverance, in meditation, and ejaculation of thought to God: yet more blessed in prayer. This day, *the valley of Achor was a door of hope* to thee, O my soul! Remember this, and always *cast thy burden on the Lord, who careth for thee.* The goodness and condescension of the heart of God, are astonishing beyond measure; and can only be felt, but not expressed, by man. O, the height, depth, length, and breadth, of the love of God! Who can measure it?—Such deep distress, and such amazing liberty of

‘ soul, in one day, I never remember to have
‘ felt before! *Wait on the Lord*, O, my soul;
‘ wait on the Lord, *and forget not all his benefits*.
‘ NOTE, That it is good, it is very profitable,
‘ though it be never so bitter, to have one’s
‘ wounds probed to the quick.

‘ Aug. 6. Remember, O my soul, this day;
‘ for it was a day much to be remembered, in-
‘ deed! In the morning, before breakfast, heavy
‘ and unsettled in prayer. After breakfast,
‘ being enabled to wrestle in prayer for delive-
‘ rance, found the Lord with me of a truth.
‘ Yea, I was enabled to *sing, with melody in*
‘ *my heart, to the Lord*; and to rejoice in the
‘ strength of my Redeemer, and the extensive
‘ riches of his free grace, *with joy unspeakable*
‘ *and full of glory*. Much solid pleasure and sa-
‘ tisfaction, in reflection and meditation, on
‘ death and glory; and, I hope, strong desires
‘ to have my own will swallowed up entirely in
‘ the Lord’s; and to be made happy only in the
‘ way of holiness.

‘ Evening. Heard an excellent Discourse from
‘ Mr. M——, on, *Neither give place to the devil*.
‘ First, as a *seducer*; in a way of curiosity, idle-
‘ ness, intemperance, presumption, &c.: and as

‘ an *accuser* of the brethren. Felt much of the
‘ power of the word, and was strongly supported
‘ through this evening. Abundantly blessed in
‘ private, and, upon the whole, *strengthened*
‘ *with strength in my soul*. I would set my seal
‘ to it here, that God is faithful to them that
‘ trust in him. This has been to me, of a truth,
‘ a day of heaven upon earth.

‘ Aug. 11. A dull, uncomfortable day, till
‘ evening. At prayer-meeting, perplexed in
‘ mind, for a time. Then said to my soul, *I*
‘ *will wait for him, though he tarry; yea, though*
‘ *he slay me, yet will I trust in him*. I waited
‘ not in vain: for it was but a little, and I
‘ found that he was nigh at hand, though I
‘ knew it not. A good evening at home.

‘ Aug. 25. Prayer-meeting, exceedingly ha-
‘ rassed, by the enemy of souls having found his
‘ way into my heart, by the door of pride:
‘ which very much distressed me, till near the
‘ conclusion; when the Lord was pleased to
‘ hear my supplication, and give me the vic-
‘ tory, in some measure, and set my mind at
‘ gracious liberty for that evening. Not unto
‘ me, but to him be the praise!

‘ September. Monday, and the rest of the
‘ week, had many mercies to be thankful for.
‘ Sometimes, experienced the sweet manifesta-
‘ tion of the Lord’s presence ; and, sometimes,
‘ the weakness, and wickedness of my own heart.
‘ Yet, I desire to be thankful, I hope grace still
‘ prevails : yea, and I trust, notwithstanding
‘ sin, and a bad heart, I shall, at last, be *more*
‘ *than conqueror, through him that hath loved me,*
‘ and given himself for me. To him be glory,
‘ for ever, and ever !

‘ October. Friday, a good day. Felt some
‘ gratitude of heart, for past, and present expe-
‘ rience, of temporal and spiritual mercies.
‘ Evening. A very exceeding sweet and power-
‘ ful manifestation to my soul, in private. Hav-
‘ ing this good word for my encouragement ;
‘ *Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw*
‘ *nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.* I
‘ think, if ever I tasted solid satisfaction of soul
‘ in God, it was at this time : almost as full as
‘ an earthen vessel could hold. I scarce knew
‘ how to leave the throne of grace. I was con-
‘ strained to cry out, *What shall I render unto*
‘ *the Lord for all his benefits !* And here, I am

‘ sure, I did desire to *take the cup of salvation*,
‘ and, with redoubled ardour, to *call on the*
‘ *name of the Lord*. Yea, it was my desire to
‘ commit soul, body, spirit, with all that ap-
‘ pertains thereunto, into the hands of my
‘ faithful God and Father, for time, and for
‘ eternity. My assurance of the eternal enjoy-
‘ ment of Jesus, my Redeemer, in heaven, with
‘ all the redeemed, was almost, I think, as clear
‘ as though I had seen the celestial gate stand
‘ open, and all the glorified spirits waiting to
‘ receive, and welcome me home to my Father’s
‘ house.

‘ November. Thursday and Friday. Much
‘ liberty, and exceeding great delight, in pri-
‘ vate duties, extraordinary, as well as ordinary.
‘ Many sweet hours of meditation, and con-
‘ templation, on my heavenly home. Full,
‘ sweet, and sensible assurance of my interest in
‘ Christ, in singing, and ejaculatory prayer;
‘ and, sometimes, *joy unspeakable and full of*
‘ *glory*. These were, indeed, days of heaven
‘ upon earth. Glory and praise to the riches of
‘ my Lord’s free grace, by which alone I am
‘ what I am!

‘ Tuesday. For the most part, a lively, good
‘ day—and, upon the whole, a good evening.
‘ But, alas! when I look back and see, how
‘ full of imperfections, wandering thoughts,
‘ and pride, my best duties at all times are; I
‘ have need still to cry out, with fresh ardour;
‘ *Wash me thoroughly from my sins, and cleanse*
‘ *me from all mine iniquities*, in his precious
‘ blood: for *I am vile*, and there is no upright-
‘ ness in me!

‘ Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, were
‘ days of comparative desertion. Felt much
‘ stupidity of mind; and yet was very uneasy
‘ that it was so. But, as *the curse, causeless,*
‘ *shall not come*; so, I believe, the rod, cause-
‘ less, doth not come: and, if I am not mis-
‘ taken, spiritual pride, and its attendants,
‘ were, in great measure, the cause of the
‘ Lord’s hiding his face from me at this time,
‘ after enjoying so much of his presence.

‘ December. A sweet and lively day in sing-
‘ ing, meditation, &c.; especially in the morn-
‘ ing. Very much tempted, and distressed at
‘ prayer-meeting, from the pride and ungo-
‘ vernable emotions of my wicked heart. Some-
‘ thing more set at liberty at home.’

At another time he writes thus: ' Though I
' have felt much of the evil of my own heart,
' and sin, and have been the subject of many
' stupid frames of mind, this last month of May;
' yet have I enjoyed many precious seasons, in
' the use of the means of grace. Sometimes
' my soul has been almost overpowered with a
' sense of the amazing love, and condescension
' of God my Saviour, to me the unworthiest of
' his creatures.'

Thus it appears, that, in the midst of his high enjoyments of the love of God, he humbly lay at the footstool of sovereign mercy. Deeply sensible of his own depravity and guilt, he admired the riches of divine grace, as displayed in the salvation of the most unworthy, through the complete work of Jesus Christ. He seems never to have possessed high thoughts of himself; much less to have imagined, that he had attained to perfect, personal holiness. On the contrary, he ever speaks of himself, as a poor, polluted creature; and of his happiness, as all arising from sovereign mercy, revealed in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In the beginning of the year 1784, he set up a religious meeting at his own house, for prayer,

and for the mutual communication of Christian experience. The opportunities thence arising were edifying to many; who remember, with pleasure, those useful and solemn seasons. He, likewise, belonged to a society, meeting in Castle-street, Leicester-fields; in which, one and another of its members used to speak from passages of scripture: where his endeavours to explain the word of God, were very acceptable to those who, from time to time, attended.

At length, the church to which he belonged, supposing him to possess talents for the public ministry, tried his gifts; approved of them; and gave him a solemn call to preach the gospel: which call was attended with an extraordinary prayer-meeting on his account, in the month of June, 1791.

He was invited to preach at Walworth on the Thursday evening following; and, after having preached the Thursday-evening Lecture there for some time, he received an invitation to dispense the truth among them on Lord's days. Complying with those invitations, his faithful and affectionate labours were abundantly owned of God: for, in a little time, he had many seals to his ministry.

In the month of December following, a church was formed, consisting of twenty-seven members: who, being gathered under his care, and perceiving their number to increase rapidly, were anxious to have him ordained over them, as their pastor. In pursuance of which unanimous desire, they gave him a call to the pastoral office, which he accepted; and was, on Feb. 8, 1792, solemnly ordained to the oversight of them, in the Lord. In this new relation he gave himself up to the service of Christ, with all his heart; and God was with him: for *many believed, and were turned to the Lord.*

The congregation continuing to increase, they soon found it necessary to erect galleries in their Meeting-house, in order to accommodate the people. But, his public labours met with so much approbation, that, not long after, it appeared necessary, again to enlarge the place. Nay, so increasingly acceptable was his ministry, and so crowded was the Meeting-house, that it was determined to enlarge it the third time; and a very liberal subscription was made, for that purpose, a little before his last illness commenced*. Had this design been accom-

* A considerable part of this subscription was afterwards voluntarily given to the widow and children of our deceased Bro-

plished, and had Providence continued his usefulness a few years longer; he might, probably, have had one of the largest congregations in the Baptist denomination. But Infinite Wisdom saw fit to order it otherwise. That Meeting-house, however, has been honoured as the spiritual birth-place of many poor sinners; various of whom were notoriously profligate and impious.

But, previous to the formation of the church of which Mr. SWAIN was afterward the Pastor; various persons of respectable Christian characters, well acquainted with his piety and his talents, having waited with anxiety for his being called to the ministry, and having warm expectations of seeing him useful in the church of Christ; invited him to preach a Lecture, on Lord's day evenings, and on Wednesday evenings, at Mr. Timothy Thomas's Meeting-house, near Devonshire-square: with which invitation he complied, and his labours in those Lectures were very much owned of the Lord. These

ther. Nay, such was the generosity of individuals on this occasion, that some of them doubled their subscription: and Mrs. SWAIN embraces this opportunity, of returning her *grateful acknowledgments* to her numerous Friends, for the kindness and liberality shewn to herself, and to her family.

Lectures he used to consider as a nursery for his Church at Walworth; and so he constantly found them to be. For many, when professing their faith, and relating their experience before the Church, declared, that they received their first serious impressions under them.

Mr. SWAIN used constantly to preach three times on a Lord's day, and two Lectures in the week; besides occasional services, in which he was always ready to engage, whenever an opportunity offered, of doing good to the souls of his fellow sinners. Were all the evangelical ministers in London, as ready to visit and assist, by occasional service, the smaller congregations; they might, it is probable, be of considerable use in promoting the cause of Christ in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Though Mr. SWAIN had an infirm constitution, and frequently laboured under much bodily weakness; yet he could by no means be persuaded to omit any part of his work. He was, however, under all his infirmities and indispositions, greatly favoured, in various respects, by a gracious Providence. For he appeared to enjoy an habitually cheerful disposition; generally, in his public services, he had

liberty of expression; and a comfortable evidence of his great Master's presence, in publishing the glad tidings to perishing sinners. So zealous was he in his labours, that, when he returned home after preaching three times, he has occasionally exclaimed; 'O, this is sweet work! If my strength would hold out, I should like to preach a *fourth* time.'

He had, indeed, abundant encouragement in his work: for, in the short space of four years, his Church, which at first consisted of no more than twenty-seven members, amounted to upwards of two hundred. For such a number, under one minister, to be gathered into a church-state, to walk together in the order and ordinances of the gospel, is rarely known, in so small a space of time.

But, notwithstanding he was favoured with so much of the Lord's presence in his public labours, and was made so eminently useful; yet he was frequently exercised, immediately previous to his entering the pulpit, with great discouragement, arising from a sense of the vast importance of the work; and was often exceedingly cast down by a strong conviction of his own insufficiency. Nor could he ever, with

pleasure, engage in preaching, except his own heart was previously affected with his subject. This he has, at various times, expressed to the writer of these Memoirs, when conversing on the importance of the ministerial work. He used to say, ' that he loved always to taste his ' subject first himself, and to get his heart ' warmed with it, before he delivered it to the ' people.' This may be justly considered as a mean, under God, of his ministerial usefulness. But, that the reader may see how deeply he was affected with a sense of the importance of his work, a few more extracts from his Diary shall be produced.

' Saturday, June 27, 1795. Repeatedly interrupted in the morning. Poorly, and dull, ' in the former part of the day. But the Lord ' has graciously granted me some degree of calm ' hope in him this evening. I feel [that] I need ' a revival of the work of grace to abide with ' me. O, that the Lord may be pleased to ' grant it! I have suffered much, of late, thro' ' several roots of bitterness springing up in the ' church: but the Lord has graciously appeared ' for us, and removed my fears, on that account, ' in a measure. I have also been much exer-

‘ cised of late, for fear I should get at a distance
‘ from God ; and so be the means of half starv-
‘ ing the flock. O, what solemn work, is the
‘ work of the ministry ! Fresh discoveries of my
‘ own depravity and infirmities, sometimes al-
‘ most shake my hopes to the root. Yet I must
‘ say, if the work of Christ in his vineyard, and
‘ the enjoyment of his salvation, are not my
‘ chief concern, I know not what is.’

The next day, being Lord’s day, June 28, he wrote as follows. ‘ I have several times, lately,
‘ had my intention thwarted, as to the subjects
‘ I have proposed to preach from ; and, as to
‘ order, and place. This evening, was much
‘ tried, and rather alarmed in my own mind, in
‘ secret ; because I could not get my subject so
‘ deeply impressed upon my mind as I could de-
‘ fire. But it constrained me to be earnest in
‘ prayer for the Lord’s help, and he enlarged
‘ my heart, and my steps under me ; so that I
‘ was obliged to leave the latter part of my sub-
‘ ject till next Lord’s day. I think I have tasted
‘ more bitter herbs lately than usual ; but I have
‘ also enjoyed some sweet moments in hoping to
‘ reap in due season. I desire to begin afresh
‘ to learn three things, *Self-denial*, *Patience* in

‘ ministerial labours, and *Sweetness* of temper.
‘ Lord, teach me all these !

‘ Saturday, July 18, 1795. After *much con-*
‘ *flict*, as USUAL, I begin to entertain some
‘ sweet hope of a good day, to-morrow. Lord,
‘ grant it for Christ’s sake !

‘ Wednesday, 22. Surely, I may say, *I cried*
‘ *to the Lord, and he heard me.* I enjoyed,
‘ through three public exercises, last Lord’s day,
‘ so encouraging a consciousness of the divine
‘ presence in my own soul, and such a lively
‘ hope of the divine blessing attending the word
‘ to others ; as far exceeded what I have felt for
‘ some time. Lord, suffer me not to be so un-
‘ believing another time ; but let my *bow abide*
‘ *in strength, and the arms of my hands be made*
‘ *strong, by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob,*
‘ for Christ’s sake ! Amen.’

Thus did this faithful servant of the Lord,
study to approve himself accepted unto God ; a work-
man that needed not to be ashamed : rightly divid-
ing the word of truth. Nor was he contented
with barely delivering sound doctrinal truths ;
but he was anxiously desirous of seeing the bless-
ed effects of those truths, in the conversion of
sinners, and in the establishment of saints. He

was not contented with having done his duty, in the capacity of a public preacher ; but, with diligence and delight, he went from house to house, instructing and encouraging his people ; performing among them the duty of a faithful pastor : for which branch of his work, he was endued with a singular talent. It has been both instructive and encouraging, to the compiler of these Memoirs, when with him in visiting some of his people ; to hear how he *exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of them, as a father doth his children* ; that they would *walk worthy of God, who had called them to his kingdom and glory*. May the Lord raise up and send forth many more such pastors, to supply the destitute churches !

With regard to his abilities, as an author, let his publications testify. His *Walworth Hymns*, and especially this *Poem*, prove, that he possessed a poetical talent : and, which is unspeakably better, they indicate, that his heart and firength were engaged in the service of his blessed Redeemer. His *Experimental Essays, in Prose and Verse*, are worthy of a careful perusal. The last piece he published was, *A Pocket Companion for the Church under his Care*. It might

be well for the members of that church, were each of them to peruse it with seriousness and frequency.

We should not do justice to the Subject of these Memoirs, were we to omit informing the reader; that the profits, whether greater or less, arising from the sale of this new and improved Edition of the following Poem, were generously intended by Mr. SWAIN, for the benefit of the two Missionary Societies. But, Providence having cut short his life, the valuable Work is now republished for the benefit of his Widow, and his four small Children.

Previous to his last illness, which was comparatively short, but very affecting (being, for a considerable part of the time, under the power of a strong delirium), his health had been, for a course of time, gradually declining. But, with reference to that afflictive and solemn scene, which terminated in the removal of this excellent and useful man; a few paragraphs from his *Funeral Sermon*, by Mr. Upton, shall be laid before the reader.

‘As to the first part of Mr. SWAIN’S affliction,’ says Mr. Upton, ‘both he and his friends were equally unapprehensive of his life being

‘ in danger. The frame of his mind seemed
‘ serene, and comfortable. He appeared much
‘ concerned about his Church, with regard to
‘ the first Lord’s day of his confinement, it being
‘ the returning season for breaking of bread ;
‘ and still more on account of those persons who
‘ were to have been received into communion
‘ on that day.

‘ Two of Dr. Watts’s Sermons were read to
‘ him ; and he expressed great pleasure in hear-
‘ ing them. He said, “ they had been the means
“ of his enjoying some nearness to God in pray-
“ er.” In conversation with Christian friends
‘ he frequently said, “ he hoped it was a sanc-
“ tified affliction.”

‘ On Thursday (a week before his death), he
‘ said, “ he had been lamenting that he could
“ not read the word of God, because of his great
“ weakness :” but he recollected, that he could
‘ read, as it were, without the book ; and re-
‘ peated the fourteenth chapter of John, and the
‘ fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, with some other
‘ passages of the sacred Scriptures. He then
‘ said, “ Now I can give advice to afflicted per-
“ sons, when I visit them, to do the same.” He
‘ added, “ If persons were to accustom them-

“ selves to commit things to memory, it would
“ be of great advantage; particularly to those
“ who complain that their recollection is bad.”

‘ He was grieved to hear, that a member, on
‘ the Lord’s day before, had absented himself,
‘ in consequence of his not being able to preach;
‘ sent his love to the Church, by one of the
‘ deacons; and begged that, if they wished not
‘ to grieve him, but to testify their love to him
‘ in his affliction, [they would] keep close to each
‘ other in the ways of God.

‘ This evening he had a violent fit, which
‘ left him apparently senseless for some hours.
‘ But, when he came to himself, he conversed
‘ in a very peculiar manner, as though he had
‘ been taking a retrospective view of his whole
‘ life. Upon Mrs. SWAIN entering the room,
‘ he said, “ O, my dear! I have been offering
“ some petitions to God for you; which I am
“ sure will be answered—I am *sure* they will be
“ answered.”

‘ On the Saturday night following, for about
‘ three hours, he was favoured with the full use
‘ of his reason, and conversed as a dying man.
‘ He said to Mrs. SWAIN, “ O, my dear, I per-
‘ ceive I have been under a mistake; I thought

“ I was getting better, but I now feel I am
“ very bad. I have been seeking the Lord about
“ my case, and can get no other answer but
“ this, *Set thine house in order : for thou shalt die,*
“ *and not live.*” On seeing her much affected,
“ he said, “ O, my dear! don’t grieve; the
“ Lord can make you an happy widow. You
“ were happy in the Lord, before you knew
“ me; and he can make you happy when I am
“ gone.” He reminded her also of a Christian
“ friend, who had been greatly supported and
“ comforted, under the loss of a valuable hus-
“ band. He then exclaimed; “ O, my dear
“ Redeemer! Am I coming to thee so soon?
“ Is my work done? It is just fourteen years
“ since I first knew thee, Lord! If it were thy
“ will, I should rejoice to labour a little longer
“ with the dear people: yet not my will, but
“ thine be done!”

“ He then took his Wife by the hand, and
“ prayed very fervently for her, and for the dear
“ Children; also for his Church at Walworth,
“ and on behalf of those who attended his Lec-
“ ture near Devonshire-square. After which,
“ he conversed about temporal concerns; and
“ then returned to the solemn subject of death.

‘ He said, “ I am not afraid to die ; I have not
“ the shadow of a doubt : I know that I shall
“ receive my crown. Yet I should be glad to
“ be engaged in my Lord’s work a little longer,
“ if it were his will.” He then exhorted those
‘ around him to aim at living near to God, and
‘ to wrestle with him in prayer, for the fulfil-
‘ ment of his gracious promises.

‘ On the Lord’s day morning he was much in
‘ prayer for the Church ; and proceeded as re-
‘ gularly as though he had been in public. The
‘ minister, who was to supply his place at Wal-
‘ worth that morning, called to see him, and
‘ engaged in prayer with him. But he could
‘ not attend long. The delirium came on so
‘ violently, that he was not able to converse
‘ many minutes together ; but often seemed to
‘ be engaged in ejaculatory prayer.’

What a mercy it was, that before the fatal
disease commenced, he *knew in whom he had be-
lieved* ; and that he had committed his immor-
tal all into the hand of Jesus Christ ! Happy,
for the real Christian, that neither bodily dis-
ease, nor mental derangement ; that no enemy,
nor any affliction ; is able to separate him from

the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

After being greatly afflicted for twelve or fourteen days, he was dismissed from all his cares and labours; from all temporal sufferings and sorrows: and, we doubt not, was received into the bosom of eternal bliss, on April 14, 1796; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age. Then, we have a pleasing persuasion, he entered into the fulness of that felicity, which, in so many of his *Wakworth Hymns*, he has well described; and, especially, in Hymn the Hundred and Sixth, which reads as follows:

“ Oh, how the thought that I shall know
The Man that suffer'd here below,
To manifest his favour,
For me, and those whom most I love;
Or here, or with himself above,
Does my delighted passions move
At that sweet word, *for ever!*

For ever to behold him shine,
For evermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me!
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all the saints in glory!

Not all things else are half so dear,
As his delightful presence here,
What must it be in heav'n !
'Tis heav'n on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey, day by day,
' Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
' Thy sins are all forgiv'n.'

But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
When I, in glory, hear him ;
While I, before the heav'nly gate,
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus, on his throne of state,
Invites me to come near him !

Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
With my own life I ransom'd thee ;
Come taste my perfect favour ;
Come in, thou happy spirit come,
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home ;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever.

When Jesus thus invites me in,
How will the heavenly hosts begin
To own their new relation ?
Come in ! come in ! the blissful sound,
From every tongue will echo round,
Till all the crystal walls resound
With joy, for my salvation."

On Friday, April 22, his remains were deposited in Bunhill-fields' burying-ground; and his funeral was attended by some thousands of people: multitudes of whom were deeply affected to think that they should *see his face no more*. Abraham Booth delivered the *Address at the Interment*; and, on the following Lord's day, two Funeral Sermons were preached for him. The former, in the afternoon, on the *Mysterious Conduct of Divine Providence*, from John xiii. 7; by Dr. Rippon. The latter, in the evening, on the *Sorrowful Separation of the Faithful Pastor from his affectionate Flock*, from Acts xx. 36, 37, 38; by James Upton: and both of them to very crowded congregations.

Though our dear, deceased Friend was cut off in the midst of his days, and in the midst of his usefulness; yet it will be easy to perceive, by the following extract from his Diary, and by a few lines of poetry which he composed within the last twelve months of his life; that he was often thinking of his departure, and longing to be with Jesus. Several members of his own Church being dangerously ill, and various useful Ministers of the gospel being lately deceased, he wrote as follows:

' 1795. This has been a week of solemn
' work in visiting the dying. Three brethren
' are probably near eternity. Lord, enable me
' to profit myself and others, by their experi-
' ence; and uphold them in sickness and death!
' Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Clark of Exeter, are
' also lately fallen asleep. All these voices call
' to me, saying, *Be [thou] also ready!* and, yet,
' what a cleaving to earth and earthly things do
' I find still!

' October 31. Mr. Bentley, of Camberwell,
' is also fallen asleep in Jesus. I hear that he
' died very happy. Lord, grant that I may
' live the life, and *die the death of the righteous!*
' A little while ago, Dr. Stennett died; and
' since their decease, the aged Mr. Beddome
' departed; besides many other gospel Ministers,
' this last summer.

' Heav'n draws my spirit tow'ards its blissful shore,
' And bids my heart to things eternal soar;
' Earth holds my senses, by a thousand strings,
' And, when my thoughts would mount, contracts their wings.
' From what strange cause springs this peculiar strife?
' I long to die, yet still am fond of life:
' I bless the Lord who lends me vital breath;
' Yet leap for joy, at thought of certain death!
' When I look round, how many objects dear,

‘ Fix on my eye, and gain upon my ear;
‘ Yea, claim their various stations in my heart,
‘ Nor quit their claim till flesh and spirit part.
‘ At home, what tender cares and sweets combine,
‘ By means of objects this fond heart calls mine !
‘ Abroad, how pleasant is the frequent sight,
‘ Of social bliss among the sons of light;
‘ Where many hearts with mutual kindness glow,
‘ Kindled by love divine—’tis heav’n below.
‘ Yet, though ’tis heav’n’s sweet dawn, it helps to bind,
‘ To present things, the captivated mind :
‘ And he that’s one in heart with Zion here,
‘ In view of heav’n may drop a parting tear.
‘ But when the Lord himself, with gracious pow’r,
‘ Displays his glories in some favour’d hour;
‘ When Love appears supreme upon the throne;
‘ And points the soul to its immortal crown;
‘ Loose fly the strings which held his heart to earth,
‘ Up spring the passions of celestial birth;
‘ And one bright glance of Jesus makes him say,
‘ I’VE NONE, ON EARTH—IN HEAV’N, I’VE NONE BUT
‘ THEE !’

Hence it appears, that our deceased Brother, like the Apostle of old, was *in a strait between two; having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better* : yet willing to abide in the flesh, for the benefit of his Family, and of his Church.

Mr. SWAIN, as an Husband and a Father, was tenderly affectionate. As a Master, while engaged in secular business, esteemed and loved by those that were employed under him. As a Friend, sincere in his professions of attachment. With the afflicted, he greatly sympathised; and to the distressed poor, he manifested a liberal turn of heart. As a Christian, he rejoiced in the doctrines of sovereign grace, and revered the authority of divine precepts. Affable, without loquacity; and cheerful, without levity; he was habitually disposed for serious and edifying conversation. Zealous for domestic religion, he was regular, without being formal, in the practice of it. As a Pastor, he was laborious and watchful, faithful and affectionate. In the execution of his pastoral office, he discovered benevolence, gentleness, and meekness; yet without timidity: for, as occasion required, he was firm, and steady to his principles. He was a strenuous advocate for what he considered as the revealed will of his LORD, whether it respected doctrines, or precepts; positive institutions, or the primitive order of Christian churches. But, while steady to his own convictions, he cordially esteemed all those, of every denomination,

whom he considered as loving our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. A constant sense of his own imperfections rendered him humble, and his chief pleasure was in doing good.

Still further to confirm and illustrate various particulars in the preceding *Memoirs*, I shall conclude by subjoining a Copy of Verses which Mr. SWAIN composed but a few months before his decease; and to which he gave the following Title:

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. P——,
BIRMINGHAM; CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF
SOME REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH
ONCE ATTENDED THE CONVERSION OF A
SINNER.

DEAR brother in Christ, though I see not your face,
Your name is engrav'd on my heart;
And oft, with delight, I contemplate the place,
Where, soon, we shall meet, not to part.

But, oh! to that grace which has sav'd us from hell,
What debtors we have been, and are!
We must be conten'd, if the whole we would tell,
To wait till we both arrive there.

Yet, though I am conscious the heights of God's love,
And depths of his wisdom and grace,
Will never be known, till we sing them above;
I cannot but aim at his praise.

Though high is the theme, and the ransom'd in heav'n,
To reach it, exert all their skill;
For one to be silent, whose sins are forgiv'n,
Is, surely, more difficult still.

Look back, then, my soul, and, by mercy constrain'd,
Declare what thy Saviour has done;
When first over Satan and sin he obtain'd
That conquest which prov'd thee his own.

A slave to the passions which fetter mankind,
And mark them as servants of sin;
And yet to self-righteousness strongly inclin'd,
My heart was both proud and unclean.

To gratify self, and gain human applause,
I studied, and strove, night and day;
And heav'n-bestow'd talents, in pleasure's vain cause,
Exerted my pow'rs to display.

But thoughts of eternity oft would intrude,
And conscience on judgment would muse;
'How must I, of God, with abhorrence be view'd,
'While thus all his gifts I abuse!'

Till secret alarms, in the season of sleep,
Disturb'd, and prevented my rest;
By pointing my fears to the bottomless deep,
My envy, to seats of the blest.

'Twas then, with reluctance, I purchas'd the Book
Where God's righteous will is reveal'd ;
Intending but seldom within it to look,
My eyes to its worth being seal'd.

I wanted to flee from the danger of hell,
Yet sinful enjoyments retain ;
And foolishly thought if I *sometimes* did well,
I safely might swerve *now* and *then*.

But while I was seeking, on his holy day,
(Behold the long suff'ring of God !)
Unhallow'd delight in perusing a Play,
The Bible my purpose withstood.

'God's word, thus neglected, will one day appear
'A witness against thee,' it said ;
'Twas whisper'd to conscience, and fill'd me with fear,
When, trembling, I open'd and read :
'Cut off that right *hand*, and pluck out that right *eye*,'
And sell not thy soul for thy sin ;
'Tis better, though maim'd, from destruction to fly,
'Than whole, in thy lusts, to fall in.'

This pierc'd through my soul, like a two-edged sword,
And laid my heart open to view ;
I felt both the truth, and the power of the word :
My sins were intended, I knew.

Thenceforward a struggle commenc'd in my mind,
'Twixt *present* and *future* concerns ;
But still I, in secret, to *present* inclin'd ;
While thus I reflected, by turns :

‘ Suppose, all through life, I in luxury roll,
‘ And swim in delights to the grave ;
‘ And lose, for my pleasures, the life of my soul,
‘ What recompence then shall I have ?

‘ Yet what is my life worth to me, if I part
‘ With all my companions in mirth ?’

Friends, prospects, amusements, all clung round my heart,
And seem’d to demand it for earth.

Too oft, from reflection, I hasted away,
To lose my sad thoughts in a crowd ;
Or drown them in mirth, at a ball or a play ;
But conscience, ev’n there, would intrude.

I trembled to think of those all-seeing eyes,
That watch’d me through all my career ;
And thought on the day, when the dead must arise,
With horror, akin to despair.

That Word, which bold infidels dare to dispute,
Which God did in mercy inspire ;
I found, like an ax which is laid to the root,
To cut down a tree for the fire.

The precepts, demanding obedience, I read,
O’erwhelm’d with confusion and shame ;
The threat’nings, like thunder, roll’d over my head,
And darted, like lightnings, their flame.

But, neither the danger of hell I was in,
Nor dread of displeasure divine,
Could turn from the love, or the practice of sin,
An heart so rebellious as mine.

Too often I vow'd, if the Lord would forgive
My many iniquities past,
How holy and just I, in future, would live,
And merit his favour at last.

But vows, when my passions recover'd their fire,
Like Samson's green withs, from his hands,
Gave place to the strength of unholy desire,
And prov'd ineffectual bands.

Till INFINITE MERCY, from Calvary flew,
And whisper'd, in accents divine,
' The Pow'r that first made thee must form thee anew,
' Or glory can never be thine.

' Thy thoughts are polluted, thy heart is deprav'd,
' Thy soul is all leprous with sin ;
' Thy passions and pow'rs are by Satan enslav'd,
' Thy conscience itself is unclean.

' No sinner, except he is born from above,
' Can ever in heaven reside ;
' Or meet the pure eyes of his Maker, with love,
' Or in his bright presence abide.'

Scarce had I objected, ' How can this thing be ?'
When Mercy replied, with a smile,
' The thing that's impossible, mortal with thee,
' Jehovah can work when he will.'

That moment, a spark of celestial desire
Was kindled, and flam'd in my breast ;
I wrestled with God, and began to aspire
To hope, I should enter his rest.

Amaz'd at myself, that I dar'd be so bold,
To plead for salvation with God :
I wonder'd still more, on the cross, to beho'd,
My pardon and peace seal'd with blood.

Myself and my Saviour, I saw with new eyes ;
My Bible I read by new light ;
New passions within me, I felt with surprise,
And God was my only delight.

His glorious perfections with pleasure I saw,
Where justice and mercy combin'd ;
His grace, in the gospel—his truth in the law,
Like sun-beams, shone forth on my mind.

With holy complacence, and rapture divine,
I felt his omnipotent love ;
As God all-sufficient, I knew he was mine,
My portion below, and above.

What pleasures I tasted in that sacred hour,
I never on earth can express ;
When Christ was reveal'd to my conscience with pow'r,
And form'd, in my heart, by his grace.

The love, and the guilt, of transgression, at once,
Expir'd, when my Surety was seen ;
The service of sin I resolv'd to renounce,
The service of God to begin.

For wisdom and strength I look'd up to my Lord,
To help me to walk in his light ;
And he, by his Spirit, explaining his word,
Directed my footsteps aright.

No sweet silver trumpet saluted my ears,
With tidings of mercy from heav'n :
No voice of persuasion dissolv'd me in tears,
Or told me how sins were forgiv'n.

But all was as silent as springing of flow'rs,
Or light, while it shines from above ;
When Mercy descended, like soft, summer show'rs,
And melted my heart into love.

Almighty the voice was, yet perfectly still,
Which first bade me live, and be whole ;
New-molding my passions, persuading my will ;
Diffusing new life through my soul.

So great was the change I experienc'd within,
I scarce could believe it was true ;
Such love to my God, and such hatred to sin,
My soul, till that hour, never knew.

I thought it was glory commencing below,
Yea, heaven in perfection on earth ;
When first in my bosom, I felt the pure glow
Of life, from an heavenly birth.

As love to the heart, and as light to the eyes,
So pleasant to me was the word,
Which fill'd me with calm and delightful surprize,
By pointing my thoughts to the Lord.

The Spirit of Jesus reveal'd him to me,
The gift of unchangeable Love ;
And taught me, in Him, as my surety, to see
My title to mansions above.

Now near fourteen years I have liv'd on his grace,
And still to his word find him true ;
And oft, as I gain a fresh glimpse of his face,
My strength, in his ways, I renew.

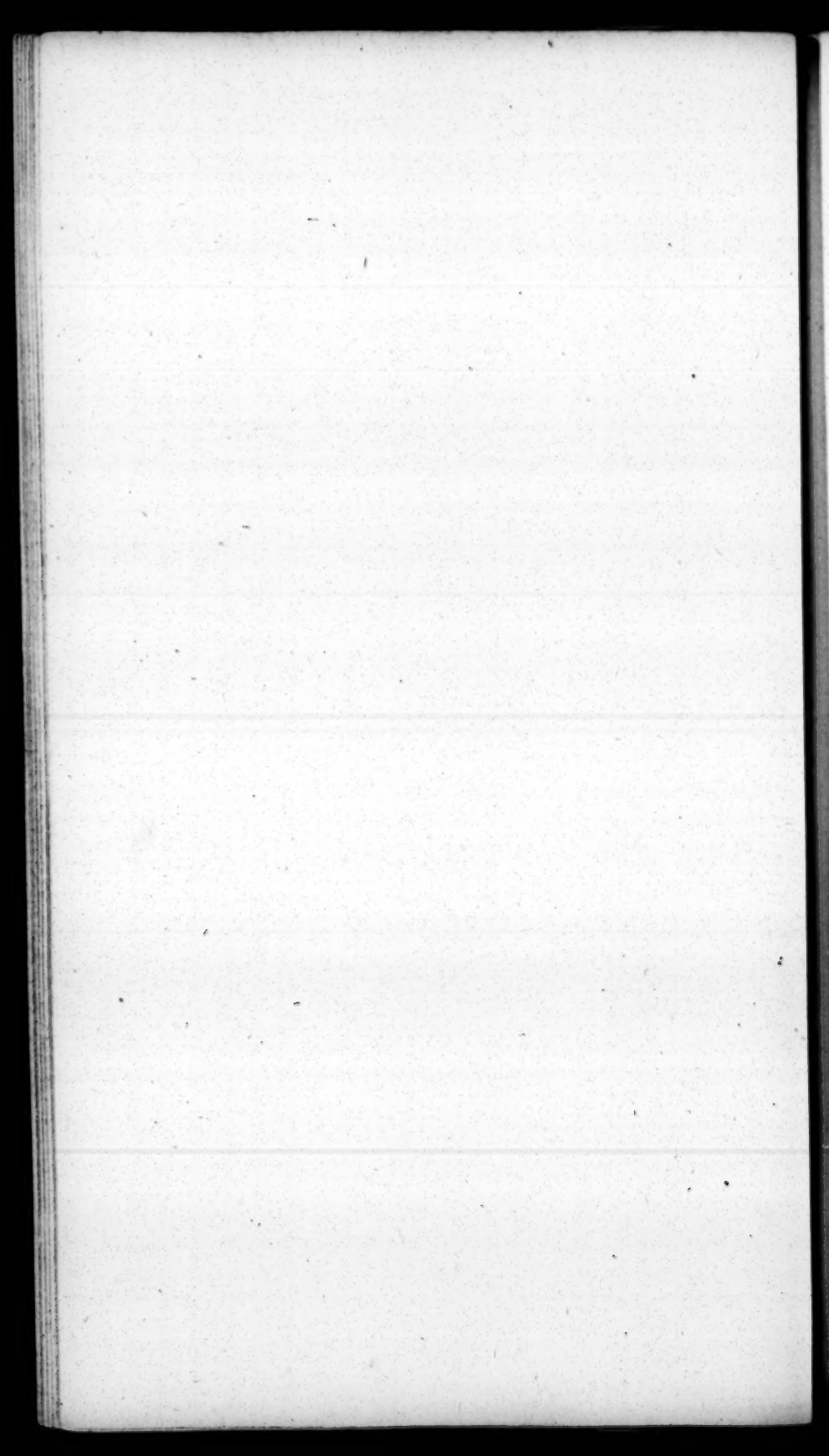
His frown, more than death, or destruction, I dread ;
His smile, from all care sets me free :
His mercy, full orb'd, when it shines on my head,
Is glory's bright morning to me.

And, soon, when my work in his vineyard is done,
I hope to behold him above ;
To sit with my Lord on his glorious high throne,
And taste all the fruits of his love.

To HIM that is Holy, and Righteous, and True,
The Man who is equal with God !
To HIM all the glory for ever is due,
Which flows from REDEMPTION BY BLOOD.

Oh help me, dear brother, to shout forth his praise,
And sound his salvation aloud ;
For nothing but sovereign, Omnipotent Grace,
Could bring such a rebel to God !

JOSEPH SWAIN.



REDEMPTION.

BOOK I.

THE PRIMITIVE STATE AND FALL OF MAN.

ARGUMENT.

The Author's feelings in prospect of the work.—The holiness and happiness of man in his primitive state—The dismal effects of the fall—The obedience of holy angels to Jehovah's will, contrasted with the rebellion of fallen men against his righteous authority—Proofs of human depravity drawn from the above, and other considerations.—Inquiry whether man has wisdom or power to help himself—Answered in the negative—Help in this case can never come from man.

REDEEMING LOVE is my delightful theme,
That love which in eternity began,
And will for ever and for ever flow,
The never-failing Spring of grace on earth;
The never-failing Cause of bliss in heav'n.
Bright Source of truth and wisdom, from whose
beams
Thine ancient servants caught prophetic fire,
Oh! let thy rays of uncreated light

Break like the morn on my expanding mind,
And teach a worm, of grace omnipotent
To sing in flowing numbers. Let the deeds,
The matchless deeds of God in human form,
His righteous life, and his vicarious death,
His dying conquests, and his rising pow'r,
Nerve every line with vigour. String my harp
With truth divine—with judgment brace it firm,
And let my glowing passions vent their fire,
By striking praise from every tuneful chord.
Of Love—which gives its objects vital birth,
By Love constrain'd I sing. Oh! may these
notes

Affist the gratitude of happy faints,
And wake the thoughtless sinner into life!
Crown then this feeble effort with success:
Without thine aid, abortive falls each thought,
However strong. However sweet the strain
That tells thy Love, it charms not till thy power
Transform the heart, and give the ear to hear.
And since for me, with many a painful step,
My God in human flesh, thro' death's dark vale,
Walk'd patient, when Redemption - work he
wrought:

Let the bright wonders of my Saviour's love
Thro' all my pilgrimage my tongue employ;

And when, with him above, I walk in white,
His love will be my everlasting song.

WHEN the first parents of our numerous race,
Form'd by the hand of power and skill divine,
Sprung into life, and light, and love at once:
Perfect in holiness, the mind of man,
Drawn from his Maker's bright original
By his unerring Spirit, on the earth
Reflected all Jehovah's rectitude.
Adam was then, o'er all inferior ranks
Of animate creation, rightful lord—
The image, and the delegate of God.
Wisdom, inherent, taught his thoughts what time
On wings of pure devotion to ascend
Celestial heights in strains of grateful praise,
And when on things below to cast an eye
Of kind attention: how to sway he knew
With meekness, while his Maker's righteous will,
Known and approv'd, was his unerring rule.
God gave him only good, and gave him all
His mind, while yet in innocence, could wish.
What had he not that wisdom could desire?
What had he not that goodness could bestow,
Whether for social converse, mutual love,
Or dignity of station? Like himself

In blifs, and being perfectly complete,
A partner fair the kind Creator gave
To fhare his heart, and double his delights.
O'er all the creatures of inferior rank
He rul'd without a rival. At his call
All that were animate fubmiffive came,
And at his bidding went to do his will;
Whether the lively birds that wing the air,
Or fealy fifh that cut the briny wave,
Or beafts, of various fize and various form,
That grazed upon the beauteous landscape round.
A garden * of delight with his own hand
The Lord of Nature planted, and adorn'd
The fair abode with every pleafant tree
Of perfect verdure, whose delicious fruits
In plenteous clufters on the branches hung;
All which his fovereign Lord permiffion gave
Freely to pluck and eat. The Tree of Life
In vital bloom, with fruit immortal crown'd,
Amidft the garden flood, not to his touch
Or tafte forbidden: freely ev'ry fruit †

* And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleafant to the fight, and good for food: the tree of life alfo in the midft of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Gen. ii. 9.

† And the Lord God commanded the man faying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayeft freely eat: but of the tree of knowledge

That Paradise afforded, he might eat,
One tree alone excepted. God was pleased,
In righteous sovereignty, to make that tree
The test of his obedience to his law.
'Of this,' Jehovah said, 'ye shall not eat;
Nor shall ye touch its fruit; for on what day
Ye touch or eat it, dying ye shall die*.'

SILENCE express'd submission and content:
Nor could he think the prohibition hard,
Which only bid him nothing know but good,
When good was all his choice: for till he fell,
His will, unfetter'd by the love of sin,
Was free to choose, and his superior mind,
Not to his senses subject, but their Lord.
One lovely motive govern'd Adam then
In all he did, and said, and felt, and thought;
His Maker's glory in the good of man.

His eye, the crystal window of his soul,
Which light convey'd to his indwelling pow'rs,
Survey'd not objects round him or above
Only to know, but in them to explore

knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the
day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. Gen. ii.
16, 17.

* So the Hebrew reads in the margin,

Fresh cause to praise the Lord who made them all.
And in each spiral blade, that help'd to weave
Fair Eden's carpet, could Jehovah's pow'r
And wisdom read, as plain as in the stars,
The night-illumining moon, or brighter sun.
Thus love to God, by love divine produc'd,
Diffus'd thro' Paradise a constant spring;
And ev'ry opening flow'r, as from the ground
Its verdant head it rear'd, would point the man
At once to its Creator. O, how sweet
Th' enjoyment of the senses then! His willing ear,
If ever down the skies the heavenly hosts,
On gracious errands sent, their Maker's praise
Sang in celestial strains, quick to his heart,
With rapture fill'd, convey'd the welcome sound.
His heart re echo'd, in a sweet response,
The grateful harmony. True happiness
And perfect rectitude, are heav'n-born twins.
Obedience ever finds its own reward.
The mind that never stray'd from duty's path
Has always found it firew'd with heavenly flow'rs:
Nor has its happiness been circumscrib'd
But by the bounds of its capacity*.

* Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then
had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the
waves of the sea. Isaiah xlviii. 18.

What solid pleasure then must man enjoy
In contemplation on those worlds of Light
Which round creation's splendid center roll,
Or grace her distant borders, in fixt orbs!
At sight of these, his pious soul must feel
A gust of joy, to read Jehovah's name
Omnipotent, in lines indelible,
Written thro' all the boundless tracts of space.
Turn where he might, all round was paradise,
Verdure and bloom and beauty met his eye
In rich profusion—yet with order strict,
So perfectly arrang'd, that every tree
And flow'r and shrub, tho' in itself complete,
Seem'd to receive a grace from all the rest.
Then every object gave devotion wings,
And each display of goodness infinite
Would cause his voice to rise in thankful strains
To him who planted Eden's blissful bow'r.
Then gratitude a double relish gave
To good of every kind; and then to rule
Was not to man more sweet than to obey.
But, not the lovely scenes of Paradise,
The exquisite perfume which fill'd the air
From flow'rs, expanding to the morning rays
Their tinctur'd bosoms: nor the taste of fruits
Pendent in clusters from each verdant branch;

The melody of all the feather'd kind;
Nor higher thoughts on splendid worlds of light,
Which roll sublime thro' all the bounds of space;
Could fill his soul with transport or delight,
Or charm his senses more.—When once his hand,
Rebellious, dared to break the bounds prescrib'd,
And pluck forbidden fruit; then Peace expir'd,
And every grace fell slaughter'd round her tomb.
Oh! what a change, from that sad hour, took place
In man's immortal mind! What evil fruits
Have from one seed of black rebellion sprung!
Shame fill'd his conscious soul, and stain'd his cheek
With an ungraceful, disingenuous blush.
Guilt, in a cloud of darkness and despair,
Envelop'd all his intellectual powers.
His noble passions, once the blissful seat
Of each celestial grace, became the den
Of fiends infernal, and of lawless lust!
How chang'd the ear, the heart, the state of man!
His Maker's voice was music to him once,
And fill'd his list'ning pow'rs with gratitude,
That God would deign with creatures to converse.
But now, alas! the all-creating voice
Grates on his ear—he flies to hide himself
When God that made him calls! He shrinks averse
To honour which would fill all heav'n with shouts

Of grateful praise—the presence of his God !
‘ Adam, where art thou ? ’ when Jehovah call’d—
‘ Where art thou, Adam ? ’ echo’d thro’ his soul,
Not with delight, but dismal as the sound
Terrific of a rattling thunder-peal !
Where art thou ? What a question ! ’Tis the voice
That calls in judgment to the sons of men
Thro’ every age—answer’d by dying groans,
And opening graves, and quenchless flames be-
neath.

How passing bitter was reflection then,
To him who knew by sweet experience past
The blissful contrast ; when he felt the *curse*,
Shot like an arrow from the bow of truth,
Dart thro’ his guilty conscience—and beheld
A paradise of *blessings* , by one blast
Of righteous vengeance, fade before his eyes !
Go sinner—count his loss, and count thy own.
Think on his shameful fall—then look within—
And truth and conscience will explain the rest.
A branch corrupt, sprung from a root deprav’d,
Is every child of Adam, since the curse,
The righteous curse, pronounc’d on man for sin.
Death stands between eternity and time
With open jaws, on such a narrow bridge
That none can pass, but must become his prey.

Need we more proof that man no longer bears
Jehovah's image? Come, ascend with me
Celestial heights. By revelation's aid,
Reason may climb to glory, and inquire
How creatures act, and whence they draw their
bliss

Who never sinn'd, and therefore must be wise;
Who never err'd, and therefore must be right.
God speaks in heav'n—praise pauses on the tongue,
Gabriel his hand from his high-sounding harp
Withholding, silent waits Jehovah's will;
While each bright seraph round th' eternal throne
The ready wing expands. No law they need
But the divine command: 'Go, happy minds,'
The condescending Self-existent faith,
'Who never sinn'd, to sinful man proclaim
The joyful tidings of a Saviour's birth!'
Wide open fly the golden-hinged gates;
And sudden down th' expanse the willing choirs,
With swiftness inconceivable to man,
Dart thro' the trackless air. Heaven far behind
They leave; nor on their bright abode look back,
Nor stop to gaze upon the starry globes
By which they pass; more forward to obey
Than to admire. Soon, thro' the nether skies,
The bright Archangel, swifter than the rest,

As them in native strength excelling, pours
A flood of heavenly glory down to earth.
Back fly the sun-beams into eastern shades,
Before the rays of this celestial star;
And sinful man, a stranger to such light,
Shakes at the grand appearance; till a voice,
Big with encouragement, and fraught with love,
Thus hails him; 'Fear not, for, behold, I bring
Glad tidings of a Saviour born to you,
A Saviour, which is Christ th' anointed Lord!
And suddenly the heavenly multitude,
That with him left their stations round the throne,
Descending in celestial robes of light,
Spread their broad glories round him. (Such a
scene

Grac'd not these skies again, till, over death
And sin, triumphant, their ascending Lord,
Amidst the shouts of myriads of their hosts,
Pass'd to his Father's throne, where now he sits.)
'Glory to God,' they sang, 'who dwells on high;
Peace and good-will to highly favour'd man!
Their work perform'd, back to their native home
They speed their way, and, at their Sovereign's feet
Low bending, shout the wonders of his love,
All by that love constrain'd. Each golden harp,
Beneath the finger of angelic skill,

Sounds loud ; and every tongue as loud resounds
Immortal hallelujahs to the God,
Who condescends his majesty to veil
In mortal flesh, to ransom helpless man !
Again they pause with wonder—and again
Shout hallelujah ! while the loud Amen
Crowns the triumphant song with harmony ;
Till rapture, rev'rence, wonder, love, and praise,
With high responses fill the court of heaven !

AGAIN the heavenly hosts a charge * receive,
While deep attention sits on every ear :
' Behold, on yonder globe, my equal Son,
My first Elect, in whom my soul delights,
An helpless infant in his mother's arms !
Go, watch him from the manger to the cross ;
Keep him in all his ways, and in your hands
Uphold him, lest at any time his foot
He dash against a stone—be this your care.'
Cheerful they leave again the realms of light,
And, on the wings of swift obedience, down
To earth descend, nor quit their precious charge,
One moment ; till, a conqueror array'd
In martial honours, they attend him back,

* He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in
all thy ways. P'sal. xci. 11.

Thro' shouting armies, to his seat supreme
At the right hand of Majesty on high.

God speaks in heav'n—' Let princes, thrones,
and pow'rs,

Angels, archangels, mighty seraphim,
And all the orders of intelligence
That on my fulness live, and do my will,
Worship, as me, so my co-equal Son *.
Down at his feet, their radiant diadems
They cast, submissive bending from their thrones,
And hail him Lord of *all his hands have made* †.
Nor does the manhood (once beneath a tomb
By death's strong bars confin'd) offend the eye
Of those bright worshippers;—while bending low
On adoration's wings, upward they gaze

* And again, when he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him. Heb. i. 6. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Phil. ii. 10, 11.

† For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist. Col. i. 16, 17.

With reverence deep, and in th' ascended Son
The fulness * of the Father's pow'r perceive ;
And feel the rays of majesty immense
Beam thro' their potent minds, and overwhelm
Their ample pow'rs with glories underiv'd.
Myfterious union ! how unsearchable !
Yet, tho' a myftery, 'tis still a truth
Seen, felt, acknowledg'd, gloried in, in heav'n,
Though earth and hell attempt to prove it falfe.
Here lies the deep which angels cannot found ;
The myftery †, which fhall the minds employ,
Of men deliver'd from the curse of fin,
And angels, never in that curse involv'd:
While everlasting its eternal round
Pursues without approaching tow'rds an end.
Here rapture, with the wings of rev'rence, veils
Her heav'n-illumin'd face, fix'd in amaze,
For ever fix'd, without a wandering thought !
Angels that never broke Jehovah's law,
Humbly adore where comprehension fails,
And wait their Maker's time his will to know.

* For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.
Col. ii. 9.

† And without controversy great is the myftery of godliness ;
God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels,
preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

But man, that lies a sentenc'd criminal,
Justly condemn'd by an impartial Judge,
Replete with wilful ignorance, and pride,
Its sure attendant, arrogantly claims
Knowledge of things incomprehensible
To angel minds, and looks to be inform'd
How God intends to work his sovereign will!

God speaks on earth—(and earth as much depends

Upon the pow'r of his almighty hand,
And owes as strict obedience to his will,
As angels, who his precepts never broke;)
From heaven to earth he speaks by Wisdom's voice*:
'To you, O sons of fallen man, I call!
Hear ye my friendly voice, and learn of me
The way you've so long lost; the way that leads,

* Doth not Wisdom cry, and Understanding put forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places by the way, in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call! and my voice is to the sons of men. O, ye simple, understand wisdom; and ye fools, be of an understanding heart. Hear, for I will speak of excellent [princely] things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. Receive my instruction and not silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. Prov. *iii.* 1—6, 10, 11.

From death to which ye hasten, to the realms
Of life and love, from which so fast ye fly.
Instruction of more worth than shining gems,
Or massy wedges of the purest gold,
I to the simple freely will impart.
The heavenly truth I teach, enriches more
The soul that feels its powerful influence,
Than all the gems which India's mines produce—
The diadems of kings. Honour, with me,
And riches * durable, and sweet delights,
Unfading, incorruptible, and pure,
Existed long before the morning stars
Together sang; and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy, to see this new-made world,
From chaos, into beauteous order spring,
At my life-giving word. To him that thirsts,
Water of life I give, such as in heaven
Cherubic legions drink, and feel their hearts
Bound with delight; to him that hungers, bread†
That angels feed upon, deriving thence
Immortal vigour and immortal bloom.

* Riches and honour are with me, yea durable riches and righteousness; my fruit is better than gold, yea than fine gold, and my revenue than choice silver. Prov. viii. 18, 19.

† Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Prov. ix. 5.

Come, dwell with me, for I have built an house*
On pillars hewn by strength omnipotent
From the firm Rock of ages; strong to save
Its tenants from the threatening storms above,
And rolling floods that deluge all beneath.
Protection durable, and rich supply
That knows no fear of want, my house affords
To him that wisely an asylum seeks
From Tophet's burning pit; but he that scorns
Life as my gift, a willing prey to death †,
Shall fall unpitied, and unpardon'd die!

THUS Wisdom spake of old; but now more plain,
Since uncreated Wisdom, clad in flesh,
Dwelt here, and, spoiling all opposing pow'rs,
Nail'd ev'ry type and shadow to his cross,
That love divine, without a Jewish veil,
Her native beauties might display to man.
'Lo, on Salvation's wings,' Jehovah says,
'I send my Equal, my beloved Son,
Almighty to redeem, and strong to save
Whoever trusts the riches of his grace!

* Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars. Prov. ix. 1.

† He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death. Prov. viii. 36.

Let men, enslaved by Satan and by sin,
 To him for full and free redemption fly :
 And though their sins * exceed the scarlet dye,
 Or new-shed crimson on the murderer's knife,
 And though in number they exceed the stars
 That roll above the azure firmament,
 Yet shall their minds in purity surpass
 The virgin snow that from the skies descends,
 And equal that of angels round my throne ;
 And of the countless number of their crimes
 Not one for condemnation shall appear,
 When I descend to judge the quick and dead.
 But let not feeble man attempt to weave
 A righteousness himself, wherein to stand
 Just before me, who cannot look on sin !
 As well may sable Ethiopians † bathe
 In lucid streams, their jetty limbs to change
 From native blackness into genuine white ;
 Or leopards from their garments lick the spots ;
 As man attempt himself to justify,
 Or seek acceptance at my awful bar,
 But through the mediation of my Son.'

* Come now and let us reason together, saith Jehovah : though
 your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; though they
 be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Isaiah i. 18.

† Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ?
 then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil. Jer.
 xiii. 23.

AND what reception meets the gracious news
 From guilty man, in pity thus address'd?
 Tell it not, Muse, where fallen cherubs howl,
 Left Satan boast a virtue more than man.
 They never sent sweet Mercy's herald back,
 With bold defiance to the God of grace,
 For publishing salvation in their ears!
 Man only flights the hand that loves to save,
 And never punishes but when it must*.
 Bright Wisdom calls in vain; in vain the God
 That gave attentive pow'rs, attention claims.
 Such hatred in the sons of Adam dwells,
 Since Adam's awful fall, to God himself,
 And to the pure delights of holiness!
 If Justice frown, he rather flies than sues;
 If Mercy smile, with a self-righteous scoff
 He bids her smile on them that need her aid.
 Even Folly's wild enchantments please him more
 Than Wisdom's solid joys. His rocky heart,
 Obdurate render'd by the love of sin
 So long indulged, refuses to be charm'd!
 Though heavenly eloquence address his ear,
 Impregnable his stubborn will remains;
 And he no lord acknowledges but sin.

ough
theyots?
Jer.

* Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. . 2 Pet. iii. 9.

Deaf even to the voice of him who spake
As never yet spake man beside himself.
When Christ invites his easy yoke to wear,
And shews himself the way to endless rest,
Their answer is—We * will not have this man
To govern us, nor will we trust his grace;
In our own righteousness we'll stand or fall.—
Thus man, too guilty to be justified
On his own terms, too proud to stoop to God,
Rushes through life—till in the jaws of death
He finds himself fast lock'd; then he perceives,
Too late, his trust his condemnation proves.
When awful Justice, with an outstretch'd hand,
And flaming sword uplifted o'er his head,
Cries, ' Pay me that thou owest'—back from her
frown,
Affrighted, shrinks the wretched criminal!
Guilt in his conscience rages, in his heart
Dismay and terror: destitute of will
The law of God to love, and void of pow'r
To answer its demand, hell in his soul
Already kindling into quenchless flames,
For mercy now as much in vain he cries
As slighted mercy once invited him.

* But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us, Luke xix. 14.

Not that he longs for heav'n, or could in heav'n
Dwell, might he enter freely ; holiness
In those about him would be hell to him,
Though heav'n were all around : but who can bear
The dreadful fire of God's devouring wrath ?
Who can to everlasting burnings * go,
And not at entrance tremble ? Who could launch
On seas of liquid fire, without a shore
For Hope to anchor on, and not his foot
Draw back from the black vessel of despair,
When wrath divine begins to swell the sails ?

BUT are there none among the sons of men
Blest with perceptions keen enough to pierce
The gloomy clouds of sin, in which themselves,
With all the race of Adam, are involv'd ?
The well-instructed philosophic minds,
That scale the heavens and measure the expanse
In which the starry worlds above us roll ;
That learn the times and seasons of those orbs,
And teach their influence on the states of men :
The men of moral life, who seldom start

* The sinners in Zion are afraid ; fearfulness hath surprised
the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring
fire ? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings ? Isa.

xxxiii. 14.

From rules, themselves and ancestors have made:
Can these, whom well-reputed Reason calls
Her favourites, and crowns them when they die
With laurel wreaths, which live from age to age,
And tell the world, with verdure ever green,
What rich rewards the queen of students, Fame,
Bestows on them who worship at her shrine:
Can these, with all the force of eloquence
To nerve each polish'd precept as they speak,
Do nothing to allure the mind of man
From love of sin, or lead it back to God?—
No; the revealed mind of God declares
The wisdom * of the world is foolishness;
And these have drawn their wisdom from the
wells

Of human science, dug by love of self.
'Tis true, philosophy in its own sphere
Deserves applause: but shall the mind, confin'd
To earthly objects, claim a pow'r to teach
A laps'd soul the path that leads to God?
Shall human wit attempt to scale the walls,
Built by the mighty hand of sov'reign grace?
The roof of heav'n's too high for these to climb;

* For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; as it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. 1 Cor. iii. 19.

The gate of heaven's too narrow to admit
The self-sufficient in. The bubbling stream
Above its native fountain cannot rise ;
Nor can the skill, that's mortal at the best,
And through corrupted channels all deriv'd,
Whate'er its efforts, gain immortal bliss.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN, BY GRACE AND TRUTH.

ARGUMENT.

There is but one way to heaven—Hence how vast the importance of setting out right!—The beauty and excellence of truth commended, and exemplified.—Christ is the way to happiness in God—His covenant-engagements for the elect.—The unparalleled glories of the cross, as it displays the harmony of the divine perfections, and opens an inexhaustible store of grace to sinners.

HEAV'N is place of magnitude immense,
No human thought can its dimensions grasp,
Or count the ransom'd myriads which exult
In bliss immortal through its spacious realms;
Yet heav'n has but one door. Whoever seeks
By other ways to enter, must, ashamed,
Confus'd, and disappointed, see, too late,
The gates of hell expanded to his view.
Thus he who built its stately frame declares,
Whose word stands firm as his eternal throne:

' No other name is publish'd under heav'n,
Wherein salvation can be found, but one.'

To warn the sinner of his awful state,
I sing of dreadful Justice; and to cheer
The blest believer on his heavenly road,
Of sovereign Mercy's never-failing springs.
Come, learn the way from sin to holiness,
The way from sorrow to eternal joy:
Learn of a friend, who deems his labour crown'd
With rich reward, if others reap the fruit.
Or rather, lift thy thoughts at once to God,
And hear the voice of Wisdom from his throne.
God has, in love to sinful man, reveal'd
A way of his own choosing. Read his word,
And humbly there his sovereign will explore.
Hark! from that sacred word, the Lord proclaims,
' Whoever will, for life may freely come!'
Christ bled for *sinners*, and his open wounds
Have yet for *sinners* room. Who knows but thou,
However vile, may'st in his book of life,
And in his heart engraven, read thy name?
Then round his throne with ransom'd armies join
To sing his love in everlasting strains.
Does truth delight thee? Bind it round thy neck,
And write it on the table of thine heart.

No ornament so beautifies the soul,
As the fair di'mond of sincerity.
No spring so cheers the heart with boundless joy,
As the pure flowing streams of truth divine.
God is the fountain of eternal bliss,
For ever flowing, yet for ever full.
And all the rivers broad, and all the streams,
Of peace and joy, originate in him.
God is so *happy*, that his smile is heaven;
So *potent*, that his anger darts despair.
Rebels, that will not to his sceptre bend,
Must into shivers break beneath his rod.
Princes are dust, and kingdoms flying chaff,
Before the blast of his devouring wrath,
When it begins to rise.—The earth itself
Will hear his voice: and all intomb'd therein,
When he commands, before him must appear,
In one dread moment to receive their doom.
God is so *pure*, that sin offends his sight*,
And kindles vengeance in his flaming eye
Whenever it is seen: no beauteous form
From him can hide a disobedient heart!
God is so *just*, that all unrighteousness
Is enmity itself against his reign—
So *good*, that light's a feeble metaphor

* Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Hab. i. 13.

His goodness to express; diffusive, free,
And wider than the boundless sea of space.
God is so *great*, that angels, thrones, and pow'rs,
Before his majesty their faces veil,
With grandeur overwhelm'd. Divinity
Is light, to which no creature can approach,
When cloth'd with all its pow'r; the Man alone
Excepted, who is God and man at once.
Christ is the way *—the only way to God:
Through him the sinner †, at Jehovah's throne,
May seek acceptance, and acceptance find.
God's Holy Spirit is the gracious Guide,
That takes the wand'ring sinner by the hand
And leads him to this Jesus. Led by him
The Saviour owns and bears the wand'ring sheep
On his kind shoulders, to his Father's fold.
' All that the Father giveth me shall come,'

* Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life;
no man cometh unto the Father but by me. John xiv. 6.

† For through him we both have access by one Spirit to the
Father. Eph. ii. 18.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the
lambs in his arms. Isa. xl. 11.

I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved;
and shall go in and out, and find pasture. John x. 9.

And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I
must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one
fold and one shepherd. John x. 16.

The Saviour says, 'and him that comes to me,
I never will in any wise cast out.'

The sheep of Jesus know their Shepherd's voice,
And follow him—His sheep he likewise knows,
And gives them life eternal, and secures
The life he gives them by his sacred word—
That word which stands more firm than heav'n or
earth;

For 'none,' says he, 'shall pluck them from my
hand;'

The Father's firm decrees of sovereign grace
Were always to the Son completely known;
And he could read in heav'n's sure book of life,
What he pronounc'd with human lips on earth.
When God set bounds to every creature's pow'r,
And fixt immutably the sure result
Of all the various works his pow'r had form'd,
Jesus was there: and seal'd, in covenant,
The vast designs by truth and wisdom plann'd.
His purposes no cross events can thwart;
For all events revolve, and re-revolve,
His counsels to fulfil. Whether in hell
By malice hatch'd, on earth by tyranny,
Or by obedient angels high in bliss
In love perform'd; his servants, or his slaves,
Are all the armies which exult in heav'n,

Sojourn on earth, or shake their chains in hell.
Yet when the Judge of heaven and earth pronounc'd

That righteous sentence, ' Dying ye shall die ;'
And our first parents, fill'd with guilt and fear,
Stript of their innocence, and cloth'd in shame,
Stood self-convicted at their Sovereign's bar ;
Satan perhaps exulted. He might think
God's ancient purpose frustrate ; all the fruit
Of his high counsel in creating man
Abortive render'd, and this embryo world
His own dominion, where to range at large,
And glut his malice on the misery
Of the whole human race. Not such the thought
Immutable, of him who sits enthron'd
In majesty above. He sees at once
With equal ease, and undisturb'd, alike
The motive that inspires a cherub's breast
With pure devotion, and the dark design
Rebellion hatches in the subtle brain
Of him who reigns in Tophet's gloomy realms.
The end, from the beginning, is with him,
And that which is to be, he sees as done.
God saw the secret train for mischief laid,
When craft infernal prov'd too strong for man :
He saw ; nor could the deepest plot of hell,

Though pregnant with destruction to the wretch
Who dar'd against his Maker lift his hand,
Ruffle th' eternal calm which on his mind
Sits, as the pillars of his throne, secure.

X HIGH in the heav'n of heavens JEHOVAH sat,
With all his plan of Justice, Love, and Grace,
At once before his eye. Man's shameful fall
He mark'd; and heard the voice of rectitude,
That call'd for vengeance on the rebel's head—
He heard, and own'd the justice of the claim.
But, casting back a retrospective glance
On his eternal counsels, in the book
Of his decrees unalterable, the names
Of millions of the human race appear'd
Chosen by sov'reign Love to be redeem'd,
And call'd and purify'd, and set apart
To magnify on earth his holy name,
Till he to glory should receive them up,
To be for ever with and like himself.
Their names he read in everlasting lines
Of sovereign Love, deep on his heart engrav'd,
And written on the palms of both his hands
In living characters; from which his eye
He turns not once, in all the various scenes
Of joy and sorrow, soul-expanding hope,

And heart-depressing fear, sickness and health,
Through which on earth he causes them to pass;
But still remembers * they were ev'ry one,
Before the morning stars together sang,
Or yet angelic harp was heard in heav'n,
' Predestinated † from eternity,
To be to all eternity conform'd
To the bright image of his equal Son.'
This many a happy saint since then has seen,
Clear as a sun-beam, in the sacred page,
With holy love and admiration fill'd,
With eyes fast flowing, and a melting heart.
All these of his own will ‡, not their desert,
Were to himself united close by love
Immutable: all THESE, but not all MEN.
And though by sin, his image from the hearts
Of his elect was every feature lost,
And those he loved were plung'd as deep in guilt
As others were, with whom alike they fell;

* O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. Isa. xlv. 21.

† For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified. Rom. viii. 29, 30.

‡ Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth. Jam. i. 18.

And though as strong propensity they feel
As others, to infringe the law of God;
Jehovah's own eternal, equal Son,
Pure as his Father, and with him alike
Almighty to create or to destroy:
By covenant-engagement undertook
Their ransom, from the slavish chains of sin,
And from the curse of God's avenging law.

PURE, from the bosom of eternal Love,
Jehovah gave his well beloved Son;
That men on him believing, might have life:
And with design as pure, the Son came down
To serve and suffer in the sinner's stead.
The cross explains the state of man with God:
The cross reveals the mind of God to man.
There Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness, with
Peace,
Met in one pure embrace. The whole of God
Was manifested in that awful scene,
Brighter than heav'n had seen him shine before;
Stronger than human intellect could bear;
And yet so plain, that man must read it, LOVE,
Never did TRUTH DIVINE so fair appear
As when she told, with her impartial voice,
The Lord of Life, that he behov'd to die;

Because she found him in the sinner's place,
And read the names of sinners on his heart.
Never did JUSTICE on her brow a frown
Wear so majestic, nor an heart so firm
Display, to punish with impartial hand
Sin where she found it, as when, thro' the soul
Of man's Redeemer, her avenging sword
She plung'd vindictive, till each vital stream
Was dry, and life before her dreadful face
Fled from its sinless dwelling.
Never did MERCY so divinely shine,
As when, on Calvary, she sat enthron'd,
While Judgment plac'd the sceptre in her hand,
And smil'd in crimson robes! Never before,
Nor since, was GOODNESS so benign display'd,
As when to save vile, intellectual worms
From hell's dark realms, the Prince of intellect
Himself endur'd God's wrath, and with his blood
Quench'd the devouring flames: through his own
heart,
Thus opening an amazing avenue
For sinners numberless, to pass from death,
To life immortal, and immortal bliss.
Never did LOVE ETERNAL, though immense,
To such mysterious depths descend before,
Or rise to such sublime unbounded heights;

Sinking beneath the gloomy caves of death,
To drown the sins, and purify the souls,
Howe'er depraved, of all who trust his grace;
Rising beyond the everlasting hills
To fix the subjects of Redeeming Grace
Secure among the highest sons of bliss!
Never did LIGHT, so glorious from its source,
Break on all orders of intelligence,
As when the Sun of Righteousness, in blood
Sacrific, ting'd his uncreated beams,
From the vast chaos of his sufferings rose,
And everlasting Light, thro' heaven and earth,
Diffused in one full blaze of endless day!
Here all God's attributes together meet,
As an assemblage of unclouded suns,
Each on the others shining. Angels here,
With holy wonder struck, and fill'd with awe,
Gaze and admire, to read their Maker's name
In living characters, where every truth
Like a celestial mirror, on the rest
Reflects eternal beauty! Ev'ry flame
Of wrath divine, that blazes thro' the gulph
Where dwell th' infernal legions, speaks the pow'r,
The purity, and righteousness of God;
And ev'ry soul-excruciating pang,
The conscious myriads in that fiery lake,

From hope shut out, incessantly endure,
Tells them that Justice with a righteous hand
Their punishment inflicts. There, not a tongue,
Thro' all their hosts, though red with quenchless
flames,

But must confess (could truth be found in hell)
Th' unsullied honours of its righteous Judge.
But though hell's horrid gloom reflects a blaze
Of awful glory on Jehovah's name;
Yet, in the sufferings of Immanuel,
We read in more expressive characters,
Th' impartial justice of an injur'd law,
Than in the quenchless torments of the damn'd.
Never did angels in their Maker's name
Such depths of purity and love perceive,
Since first the honours of his name they sang,
As when in crimson letters, from his heart,
On Calvary transcrib'd, they saw it shine
Through universal darkness; in itself
So glorious, that no other light could help
To render it conspicuous but its own.
Then HOLINESS in its full splendor shone,
And God's just law shed forth its brightest rays,
When, its insulted honours to restore
To their prime beauty, God in human flesh
Dwelt among mortal men, and thus fulfill'd

Its strict requirements, casting o'er them all,
A purer lustre than appear'd before.
Christ veil'd beneath a state of poverty,
The Pearl of glory while he sojourn'd here :
And in that Pearl beams everlasting Love
In all its peerless beauty ! Love shines most,
Clad in its meanest vesture ! When the Lord
Laid his eternal dignity aside,
Assuming both our nature and our state,
To make himself a perfect substitute :
He prov'd that God is no less infinite
In condescension, than in majesty.
Jehovah could not suffer, nor obey,
No creature he ! perfection infinite !
What angel could have thought these two should
meet ?

Omnipotence and weakness coalesc'd,
In the mysterious HOLY ONE OF GOD.
He taught the sun his course, kept all the stars
In their appointed stations, and upheld,
By strength omnipotent, the universe,
While on the wond'ring virgin's breast he hung ;
In heaven ador'd—an infant swath'd on earth !
Come sinners bend in sacred silence here—
Here worship without words—think, and adore,
For comprehension fails—and speech is dumb.

SHOULD the bright hosts in heaven strike all at once,

With all their power and skill, their golden harps,
And all the ransom'd saints in glory, join
Their vocal efforts with immortal shouts,
Without one pause through all eternity ;
Yet would this TRUTH outsoar their highest notes,
And rise sublime beyond the reach of praise.
The God, the Man, the Servant, the Supreme,
The Criminal condemn'd, the righteous Judge,
All in the person of IMMANUEL meet !
Oh ! for an harp to sound his worthy name,
O'er the vast surface of this spacious globe,
So loud and sweet that every ear might hear,
And every heart might feel, what JESUS means.
No name in heav'n pretends to vie with HIS :
Its awful sound inspires celestial hearts
With blissful rapture ; and with reverence deep
Fills their adoring powers. Though utter'd oft,
Chief note in every strain, it never cloy ;
Such mines of rich instruction, and such mines
Of rich delight does Jesus' name contain.
So Paul, inspir'd with sacred wisdom, taught,
When to the churches writing, Christ was all
In each epistle : whether sharp rebuke,
Or commendation kind, employ'd his pen ;

Whether he struck the golden harp of love,
Or thunder'd forth the terrors of the law;
Still Christ was all in all. At every close,
The sacred honours of the Saviour's name
Shed their full fragrance, as a sweet perfume,
Enriching ev'ry sentence. None but Christ,
And him for sinners crucified, and rais'd,
To justify them at his Father's throne,
Would holy Paul acknowledge as his theme.
'I live,' he cries—yet, recollecting quick
Whence his life sprung—'Not I, but Christ in me,'
Absorbs the bold assertion. None but Christ,
If Paul must preach, would serve him for a text.
That name alone he deem'd sufficient quite,
To exercise his talents to the full,
And give his eloquence its utmost stretch.
Come, then, for Christ invites you, sinners come,
And contemplate the glories of the cross.
Here mountains shrink to vales, and valleys rise
To mountains, with luxuriant verdure crown'd:
Here myrtles spring in place of pricking thorns,
And briers fade before the rising fir.
Here guilt, disarm'd of his tremendous sting,
Expires beneath the smile of grace divine.
Here the foul leper, cover'd with disease,
Drops his uncleanness, and, as if new rais'd,

Springs from corruption, into life and health,
Before the touch of purity divine.
The lame learn here to walk, the dumb to speak,
The deaf to hearken, and the blind to see.
From life in its pure seed, expiring here,
Spring all the plants of future Paradise.
The stately cedar, and the lowly shrub,
The lofty palm, and the luxuriant vine,
With ev'ry flow'r, and aromatic herb,
In perfect order, and in perfect bloom,
Grow here, and shed forth sweets which never die.
Come, finners come, leave all your vain delights,
The sweets of sin are poison'd by the curse,
And bitter sorrows follow carnal joy.
But here (though from the doctrine of the cross
Some bitter herbs do spring for wholesome use)
No gloomy horrors on reflection rise,
To scare the guilty conscience. No broad sword
Hangs by the thread of Justice o'er his head,
Who looks by faith to this great sacrifice.
Here dy'd the Saviour—and here die the sins
Of all who view him with an eye of faith.
Yea death himself, with all his ghastly train
Of horrors, at the cross of Christ expires.
The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin
Is the condemning law's tremendous curse:

But Christ has borne the curse of guilt away,
And spoil'd the monster of his piercing sting.
Now, Christians, you may sit beneath the cross,
And while you crown the Saviour's head with
praise,

Due to his worthy name, defy the pow'r
Of gloomy death; and here triumphant shout,
'O death, where is the sharpness of thy sting?
Where is thy victory, devouring grave?
Thanks be to God, who gives us victory.'
When Jesus suffer'd, he disarm'd our foes;
When Jesus rose, he triumph'd o'er them all.
Then to the utmost mite our debt was paid,
And Justice can no more demand, no more
The strictest law of rectitude require.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

GRACE AND TRUTH MADE MANIFEST.

ARGUMENT.

Thoughts on the resurrection and general judgment—Various characters called on to consider that great day.—Christ's servants are no slaves—The Holy Spirit our effectual Teacher—The Spirit teaches by means of the word—It is his glory to manifest the Saviour—The unparalleled majesty of the Redeemer's person—The greatness of his power manifested in the conversion of sinners.

THEN Christ return'd to glory with a shout.

'God is come up,' the trumpets sounded loud;

'God is come up,' replied the high response;

'Jesus has spoil'd the powers of death and hell,

'And put them all to everlasting shame.'

And, as he rose, so will he come again :

On a bright throne of justice, pure and white,

Will Christ descend to judge the quick and dead.

Then all mankind at once will hear his voice;

The living saints will in one moment spring

From mortal to immortal ; while the dead,
Who slept in Jesus, bursting from the tombs,
Will fill the vast expanse with sudden shouts,
Loud as the trump which wakes them ; and as
sweet,

With perfect and harmonious gratitude,
As ever sounded from celestial tongues.
But oh ! what horrid shrieks and dismal groans
Will sinners rend the air with, as they rise
To hear their sentence, and look round in vain
For rocks and hills to fall upon their heads,
And hide them from the presence of the Judge !
Jesus will then be manifest to all,
And all the Father's glories will appear
Full orb'd, in our Immanuel's awful face :
While from the Judge, as its immortal source,
Eternal truth in perfect splendour shines,
And shews all objects in their proper light.
Think on that day, ye humble souls that weep
In secret o'er your own and other's sins.
Sin, death, and sorrow, will expire at once
Before the brightness of your Saviour's smile,
When he, for your complete salvation, comes.
Think on that day—ye who in secret work
Such horrid deeds, as nature's face will blush
To see uncover'd, and exposed to light.

No cov'ring but his blood and righteousness,
Who dy'd to save his people from their sins,
Will hide one crime from open day-light then.
Think too, ye great and learned, who despise
The lowly faints, on that decisive day.
Your greatness then, and learning, must be weigh'd
In the fair balance of impartial truth,
When you behold TRUE GREATNESS on the throne,
Gracious as just, and just as merciful.
Think, ye self-righteous, on that awful day—
Who dress for judgment in your self-wrought robes,
And scorn the mention of a Saviour's name:
Whose ears, averse to evangelic strains,
Like the deaf adders, shut out ev'ry note
Which bears the balm of mercy on its sound;
Nothing so perfectly displeases you
As sovereign grace: for even truth divine,
With all its train of solid evidence,
Gives no offence to piety like yours;
But when (reproving your self-righteous pride,
And pointing you to Calv'ry) it proclaims
This glorious news, ' Salvation is of Grace.'
No name so grates on your censorious ears
As that of JESUS—and that never sounds
So harsh, as when REDEMPTION BY HIS BLOOD
Rises sublime, the glory of the song.

What will you do when every knee shall bow
Submissive down before his awful throne,
And ev'ry tongue confess him Lord of all?
What will you do, when all the ransom'd race
Cast at his feet their radiant diadems,
And crown him with immortal shouts of praise?
All heav'n agrees to make his glorious name
The highest note in its immortal song :
And when that song commences in full choir,
When happy myriads, rising from the tombs,
Join the celestial harmony of praise ;
To HIM you must give glory—or, ' alas !
Far other strains will find you sad employ,
Without one change of subject to divert
Your gloomy thoughts, while endless ages roll.
Confess him then—renounce your self-wrought
claim

To endless life, and seek his mercy now
While life remains, and mercy may be found ;
Lest when he comes, in all his glorious pow'r,
You should in vain intreat the rocks and hills
To lend you shelter from his awful frown.
Thus speaks the Saviour now (who on that day
Will speak in other language), ' Come to me,
Ye weary heavy laden sinners, come,
And I will give you rest. Come, learn of me,

For I am meek and lowly. Take my yoke,
And wear it, for 'tis easy to the soul
Who puts it on by faith : and will be found
No burden, but a precious privilege
To him who bears it out of love to me.
Love to the Saviour makes obedience sweet ;
But till we love, we never serve him right.
Saints are no slaves, but willing servants all :
When Christ commands they look to him for
 strength,
And run where'er he bids them with delight.
Want what they may, in him they find supply
Which never fails them in a time of need.
While in his faithfulness alone they trust,
And on the fulness of his mercy live,
All things together work to do them good.
Afflictions, when the Saviour by his smile
Supports the Christian, bring him health of soul ;
And often shut him up from cares and toils
Of little worth, to give him liberty,
In holy meditation, prayer, and praise :
In these he rises to immortal scenes,
And views in prospect his inheritance
Laid up in heav'n, and sure to be enjoy'd
Without one fear to all eternity.
Yea, peace and calm contentment, while he waits

For future glory, crown his present lot
Who dies to sin, and lives a life of faith.
But whence this precious faith? and how obtain'd?
'Tis not in man, nor of him, but the gift *
Of God, who sends his gracious Spirit down
To fill the realms above with holy guests,
Selected from the sinful race of man,
And taught by him the knowledge of themselves,
And of their gracious Lord, who thus delights
To honour and deliver whom he will.
No other teacher knows the mind of Christ;
Nor can his mind communicate, like him
Who is with Christ, and with his Father, one †.
This is the Spirit which of old came down
On wings of love, and taught the patriarchs first
To walk with God on earth, and wait for heav'n.
By his bright rays enlighten'd, they could pierce
Through all the tract of time that interven'd
Before the great Redeemer put on flesh,
And made atonement for his people's sin.
They view'd him as their Surety; and by faith

* By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Eph. ii. 8.

† For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. I John v. 7.

Liv'd on his fulness, trusted in his word,
And triumph'd in his power to conquer sin,
With death and hell in league. They saw his
day *,

Though it was then far off; and in the end,
And glory, of his coming oft rejoic'd,
In holy meditation, or in song;
When, on the map of prophecy pourtray'd,
The Saviour's beauty, dignity, and love,
Plain to their heav'n-illumin'd eyes appear'd.

THIS is the Spirit which by Moses spake,
And all succeeding prophets down to John,
Who came, Elijah like, alone from God;
Like him reprov'd a nation, or a king,
With equal courage; and aloud proclaim'd
His coming Lord, the enemy of sin.
From HIM the blest'd apostles caught that flame
Of zeal and love for the Redeemer's cause,
Which bore them up, superior to the frowns
Of angry nations or opposing kings.
The glory of that memorable day,
Call'd Pentecost †, was of this Spirit's power

* Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad. John viii. 56.

† See the second chapter of Acts.

A manifest display; and since that day
The saints, in every age and every place,
Have, by his mighty influence on their hearts,
Aspir'd to glory, and disdain'd the world.
The world and Christ were then at enmity;
He gain'd no footing but by pow'r divine,
Divinely exercis'd.—Nor think that thou,
Whoe'er thou art that wouldst his servant be,
Canst have two masters *. If thy darling sin
Find harbour in thy breast, the heavens are brass
Above thy head, and deaf Jehovah's ear
To all thy supplications.—Christ and sin,
Within one soul, can never rule at once.
This lesson must be (hard as it may seem)
Learnt in the heart, and wrought into the life,
Where this omniscient Teacher fills the soul
With light from heav'n, and love to God and man.
No mortal eye has seen, no ear has heard,
Nor heart of man conceiv'd, what wond'rous things
God has prepared for those that love his name †.
But this almighty Spirit makes them known

* No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Luke xvi. 13.

† 1 Cor. ii. 9.

To all the heirs of promise. He unfolds
The deepest mysteries of grace and truth,
Which from the world's foundation have been hid
In the Lamb's book of life: which none can read
Till he unseals it, and within their hearts
Transcribes from thence their highly favour'd
names.

This secret of the Lord is with his saints *,
And only with them, as by him reveal'd,
Who makes them saints by his almighty grace.
But still the sacred word of truth remains
The medium of their knowledge. By that word,
With power divine attended, life from God
First enters, and awakes their torpid souls
To blissful immortality in Christ.

Their eyes by him enlighten'd see the dawn
Of glory in the gospel; and their ears,
Open'd by him, receive the gracious voice †
Which, from the WORD, invites them back to
God,

While kindly it reproves their wand'ring feet.
By his bright beams, who fill'd the sun with light,
And gave the stars their lustre. God in Christ
Is seen by man;—omnipotent to save,

* Psal. xxv. 14.

† John x. 27, 28.

Just to his law, and gracious through his Son.
No meaner light can make this truth appear
In its full glory to the sinner's mind,
Than his, whose all-creating power commands
Whate'er he wills into its sure effect.
Such is the Spirit's work in fallen man,
That he who knows it, is new-born from heav'n;
God is his Father by a stronger bond,
And dearer than creation knows beside.
'Tis not conviction fixt upon the mind
By reason, with a logical effect,
Through the clear statement of revealed truth,
That works conversion. These are but the means,
Pow'r is Jehovah's.—He that lives to God
Is a new creature, and that word implies
Creating pow'r exerted on the mind,
New-modelling the heart, conq'ring the will,
And with new light illuming all the man.
Nor is creation all—The pow'r which gives,
Must still maintain and feed the life of grace
With food immortal, and with living streams;
For life divine requires celestial cheer
To keep its vigour warm, and to renew
Its holy action and its pure delight.
The sons of God, by his adopting love,
Are by his Spirit led. Where Wisdom walks,

In paths of truth, and Righteousness, and Peace;
There they walk too, who learn at Wisdom's lips
Their heavenly Father's will. No heavy task,
But a sweet exercise of vigorous powers;
The pleasant work of well-instructed choice,
Is their obedience who are born of God.
But the chief glory of the Spirit's work
Is to reveal the Saviour, and in him
Jehovah's name complete. 'He,' said the Lord,
'Shall take of mine and shew it unto you.'
He leads the trembling sinner to the cross,
And there explains the mysteries of love
Which have been hid from ages. In that scene,
Where Truth and Mercy, Peace and Justice meet;
The humbled soul, by him instructed, views
The brightness of Jehovah's holy name
In all its awful splendor: while the stains
Of deep pollution, which disgrace his own,
Appear in all their aggravated guilt.
With a strange mixture of delight and pain
He contemplates the conflict sharp and strong
Of Jesus, prostrate in Gethsemane,
Press'd with the weight of his dread Father's
 wrath;
Wrestling in agony, till the big sweat,
Like drops of blood, bedewing all the ground,

Bursts in a show'r of sorrow from his soul,
Through all his trembling members : while his
prayers,
Utter'd with piercing cries and flowing tears,
Yet all submission to his Father's will,
Obtain no answer, but supporting strength,
Sent by an angel's hand, that he might bear,
Not that he might escape the punishment,
By God's just sentence, due to his elect.
Here he perceives that God shews no respect
To persons, when his justice claims its due.
Here he reflects how great must be his sin
That needed such atonement ! If the Son,
in whom the Father view'd himself complete,
Could not obtain exemption from the curse,
When once he made the sinner's place his own,
Where will the sinner stand, that comes to God
With the vain hope that sin may find excuse
In the firm bosom of the righteous Judge ?
Then from the gloomy garden to the cross,
In solemn silence and with fixt amaze
The sinner follows, by the Spirit led :
And taught by him, explores the depths and heights
Of God's eternal wisdom, truth, and grace.
In Jesus given to die, he views God's love ;
In Christ self-given, redeeming goodness shines.

In Jesus scorn'd, he sees the shame of sin ;
In Jesus slain, he ponders sin's desert.
In Jesus rais'd, he views the pow'r of grace ;
And in the Saviour seated on his throne
At God's right hand, he sees an open way
From sin's dominion to the reign of grace :
And soon, when taught by sovereign grace, he
 finds
This path leads on to glory and to God.

THIS is the light which shines from heav'n to
 earth,
And shews the only way from earth to heav'n.
Jesus, the Surety, answers God the Judge :
Jesus, the spotless Lamb, once sacrific'd,
The sacred Altar and the Holy Priest,
Stands in Jehovah's presence as the Way,
The Truth, and Life, in one. Whoever comes
To Mercy's door, in his prevailing name,
And asks admittance for his sake alone,
Shall find access to God within the vail,
And entrance into life. Draw near, my soul,
The door stands open to the eye of faith.
Here seek forgiveness ; and the peace of God,
Like precious balm, diffusing health of soul,
Will heal thy conscience of the wounds of sin.
Here seek acceptance, and his righteousness,

Clothing thy person as a princely robe,
Shall fit thee for the royal court of heav'n.

THIS is the Man whose praise I sing; the God,
Whose dreadful glories, and whose mercies mild,
As in th' exalted Man they meet and shine,
With rev'rence I describe. This is the Lord,
Whose presence fills the throne of bliss, and claims
Obedience from surrounding seraphim.
This is the Judge, whose frown, where it is felt,
Creates a hell of terror in the soul:
The All-sufficient, whose effulgent smiles
Make heav'n itself complete, while thro' the man
Th' eternal Godhead darts his awful beams,
Till o'er their faces their ambrosial wings
Archangels spread, unable to behold
The blaze of his perfections, as they meet
In the redemption of mankind by man!
This is the Sun of Righteousness, whose light
Throws into shades the blazing orb of day;
Whose beams convey the means of life to all
That breathe on earth; for HIS auspicious rays
Shed life immortal on immortal minds,
And fill the soul, where only darkness dwelt,
With everlasting beams of heavenly light.
Nor does the muse, up-borne on Fancy's wing,
Of truth lose sight. The word of truth itself

Echoes, or rather is th' unerring voice,
The muse, aspiring, fain would echo through
The list'ning world—but sinks beneath her theme.
This is the Lord, whose voice omnipotent
Makes the deaf sinner hear, calls from the grave
The mould'ring dead, and quickens whom he will.
Nor does it rest with man to be redeem'd,
Or perish, at his pleasure. No, the pow'r
Of God's right arm is equal to his love;
And whom he loves he conquers. Not one friend
Has Christ remaining in the human soul,
The gates of understanding to expand,
Or strike the sin-dy'd colours of the will,
When at his word the gospel-trumpet sounds
The summons to surrender. Dead in sin
He finds them all; and so they had remain'd,
Till wrath divine had prov'd their living grave,
Had invitation only reach'd their ears,
And pow'r almighty left their hearts untouch'd.
But for the free, the sov'reign pow'r of grace,
Never had happy angels said Amen
To that sweet anthem, 'Worthy is the Lamb;'
Or paus'd complacent in the song sublime,
While saints, that once were sinners, rais'd alone
One note beyond them, 'He was slain for us.'
Had man been left to his perverted will,

The gracious tenders of Redeeming Love
Had been with scorn rejected, till, incens'd,
The Majesty of heav'n had shut them up
In one eternal prison. But the word
Of truth proclaims it; and the saints have found,
By sweet experience, that 'tis true indeed,
'Thy people shall be willing in the day
Of thy resistless pow'r.' The Saviour comes
In his triumphal chariot, pav'd with love,
By skill and purity divine inwrought,
Cloth'd in a vesture dipt in his own blood,
Drawn swiftly by Affection's milk-white steeds,
Arm'd with Omnipotence, girt round with Truth;
His head with Mercy, like a rainbow, crown'd;
And with that voice which said, 'Let there be
light,'

And light there was, says, 'Sinner, yield to me—
To me at once, without conditions, yield,
For I have ransom'd thee with my own blood;
Thy name is deep engraven on my hands,
And deeper still recorded in my heart.'
The soul, astonish'd at his wondrous love,
And trembling at the glory of his pow'r,
Cries out, 'What wilt thou, Lord, that I should
do?'

'Believe on me,' the Saviour answers mild,

‘ And thou by me shalt live.’ Conquer’d by grace,
Down sinks the soul, love-wounded. (Wounded so,
For ever, and for ever, let me be !

The sword which gives the wound, a balm conveys
That heals the wound it makes.) Who would not fall

By such a conqueror ? Who that ever felt
The pow’r, the sweetness of redeeming love ?

Now he who dy’d to save, and lives to make
The wonders of his great salvation known,

Becomes the ransom’d sinner’s all in all.

Heav’n now begins within his mind to dawn ;

Hell groans with disappointment at the sight.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN DESCRIBED BY HIS
EXPERIENCE.

ARGUMENT.

The transforming effects of viewing the cross of Christ—The Christian pilgrim travelling on with heaven in view—How pleasant a breeze from heaven to such a traveller!—The danger of unwatchfulness in such a path—The good effects of a renewed sense of forgiveness—Christ, all in all, to such a one—Every Christian must carry his cross; which is profitable, though not pleasant.

DELIVERANCE thus bestow'd, and the lost soul
Recover'd by the Saviour's conqu'ring arm,
And laid a willing captive at his feet;
What is a CHRISTIAN?—Draw the curtain back;
The curtain of obscurity, which hides
The lovely wonder from the public eye;
And, unembellish'd, let the saint appear
In all the sweet simplicity of grace.
Unveil his beauties, nor his failings hide;

Let him in sunshine walk, and under clouds;
The soldier fighting with unequal foes,
Yet conq'ring by his Captain's word, display.
The pilgrim, burden'd as he walks, describe,
And bearing up beneath a weight of cares;
Yet more concern'd for holiness than ease:
More earnest at the throne of grace, for strength
His cross to bear with Christian fortitude,
Than for deliv'rance from its pond'rous weight.
Display the Christian in his public walks,
His social converse, and his private hours,
His joys unspeakable, his deep distress,
His views of mercy, and his sense of sin:
And paint the ransom'd sinner in his car
Of love divine, ascending through the skies,
And shouting, as he goes, Redeeming Grace.

BORN from above, and up to glory bound,
When once the soul, restor'd by sov'reign grace,
Begins to live anew, these signs appear:—
The man that was, is now no longer deaf
To sweet redemption's heart-reviving sound;
The man that was, is now no longer blind
To the Redeemer's beauties; now no more
Asham'd of those that follow him on earth,

Though by the rebel-world esteem'd as base*.
Old things are past away—all things to him
As new created seem; he sees himself
Another creature than he once appear'd;
New hopes, new fears, new sorrows, and new joys,
Expand, depress, and warm his heart by turns.
Deliver'd from the reigning pow'r of sin,
With sin he goes to war, and hopes at length,
Though weaker than his potent enemy,
By strength deriv'd from his almighty Lord,
A full and final conquest to obtain:
Yet, as this foe dwells in him, oft he feels
Sharp contest in his soul, and sometimes fears
He may by sin be overcome at last.
But, when such fears no longer cloud his mind,
When love divine looks thro' the threat'ning storm,
And to his labouring conscience whispers peace;
His eyes on Calvary fixt, and streaming down
With sorrow for the sins that pierc'd his Lord—
His Lord, who dy'd that he might ever live;
His melting heart with grateful zeal inquires,

* The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. John xvii. 14.

We are made as the filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things, unto this day. 1 Cor. iv. 13.

What he shall do to manifest his love
To him who thus has lov'd him; what to praise
The grace that pluckt him as a brand from hell?
Rememb'ring his past life, his broken vows,
The aggravated and repeated sins,
From which his lab'ring conscience, just set free,
Finds sweet deliv'rance and unhop'd-for peace;
He feels he can do nothing, but looks up
To him who first releas'd him, to incline
To sweet obedience all his ransom'd powers,
And carry on the work himself began,
Till grace is crown'd with glory; till, his heart
From sin set free, and all his foes destroy'd,
He stands a conq'rer on that happy shore
Where sin and sorrow never can approach.

Thus on his way he goes; and on his way
Well may he go, since he that made him strong
Has promis'd him of strength a fresh supply
Whenever he shall ask it. On his way:
He sings exulting in his Saviour's cross—
Exulting in the power that made him strong;
And, while he feels Omnipotence his shield,
And sees the Sun of Righteousness his light,
He fears no dangers; but, with dauntless front,
Can face the fiercest dragons of the pit,

And round him hear the hellish lions roar,
Nor tremble at the sound. His peace and hope
Are founded on a rock, which hellish rage
Can never shake—the promise of his God.

No hills, no vallies, can his path impede,
No flow'ry scenes divert him from his way,
Or check the rapid progress of his feet,
While heav'n is in his eye. He rushes on
Well arm'd, and much encourag'd to withstand
Whatever may oppose: and as he sees
More of himself, and of his Saviour more,
The more he wonders at the matchless love
Which chose so vile a sinner to display
The riches and the pow'r of sov'reign grace!
And wonders at himself, that he should sit
So long in darkness gross, without one ray
Of heavenly light, or one good thought of Christ;
Without one just reflection on his state,
Or one heart-sprung petition for release
From the dark dungeon of Jehovah's wrath!
Yet such he knows his past condition was;
And such is the condition of the world,
Wide as it is, till light from Christ arise,
And scatter mental darkness from the mind.
And while he looks with holy wonder back

To the dread precipice of ire divine,
Which lately hung impending o'er his head,
Threatening destruction to his guilty soul,
Can he forbear a song of gratitude?
Can he forbear to shout, 'Not unto me,
Not unto me, O Lord, but to thy name,
Eternity throughout, be all the praise.'
And can he look without concern on those
That still in the same dreadful case remain?
Their sins are frequent sources of his sighs;
The subjects of his frequent pray'rs, their souls:
For well he knows—what they, alas, know not—
That sin's the certain road to death and hell,
And Christ the only way that leads to heav'n.
Nor can he see them rush, with one consent,
Impetuous down to everlasting flames,
And eager to be damned, but he's constrain'd
To warn them of their danger, and with tears
Entreat them, as himself has done, to flee
For shelter to the bleeding Saviour's arms:
While they, perhaps, his warnings and his tears
Alike despising, turn their backs on heav'n,
And speed their way the more: their way they
take,
And he his path pursues. To heav'n, alone,
He'd rather go, than in a crowd to hell.

AND, O, how vast are his new-born desires,
When from the everlasting hills a breeze,
Fraught with the spicy odours of the place
To which he hastens, fills his vig'rous mind,
And wafts him on its soft, its welcome, wings,
A fragrant earnest of his future blifs!
His crown before him, and the world behind;
His heart in heav'n, and his chief treasure there;
What can, what should, divert him? He can pierce,
By faith's keen eye, thro' intervening time,
And view, as o'er a narrow neck of land,
Eternal blessedness not far before!
He smells the full-blown flow'rs of Paradise,
And from the Spirit's gracious hand receives
Oft-times a foretaste of its precious fruit.
He sees the pearly gates and golden spires,
Where, in his own magnificence, resides
The King of Grace, and keeps, with all his saints,
The court of heav'n, the palace of the skies.
Well might the prophets shout *, when they fore-
saw,
And under influence divine foretold,

* Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye
lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing ye mountains:
O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed
Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. *Isaiah xlv. 23.*

What prospects should engage the hearts and eyes
 Of ransom'd sinners on their way to heav'n.
 Well might the great apostle, when he stood
 Beneath the rays of his ascended Lord,
 And saw the depths of wisdom infinite,
 Of sov'reign favour, and eternal love,
 Roll in one vast profound, exclaim with awe,
 'O, the unsearchable designs of God!
 His depths of wisdom, who can find them out *!'

'Such is the path the happy pilgrim treads,
 While he the holy precepts of his Lord
 Delights to ponder; while in all the ways
 Of Zion's children, constant and sincere,
 He walks with prudence. But, if once he slight
 Fair Wisdom's † aid, presuming he is strong,
 And needs no guide, the fatal consequence
 Soon, to his sorrow, he is left to feel.
 His Lord, who dy'd to save him from his sins,
 With sin at enmity, forbears to smile
 When he forgets t' obey: and sharp reproof
 Dwells on his lips, while from his awful eye

* O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! Rom. xi. 33.

† 'I Wisdom dwell with Prudence. Prov. viii. 12.

Impending lightning ready seems to dart
Its angry blaze through his polluted soul.
Yea, that he may be humbled, and perceive
The evil of his sin, his Lord permits
(With bounded rage) his conquer'd enemy
To rush upon him, with infernal roar,
His hellish jaws expanding. Shook with fear,
And fill'd with shame, to heav'n for help he cries,
And humbly asks, in his Redeemer's name,
The sov'reign balm of mercy, to assuage
The anguish which his wounded conscience feels.
Thus timely to a sense of folly brought,
His Lord, who never turn'd away his ear
From humble supplication, heals his wounds,
And plucks him from the fiend's devouring jaws:
For Satan to his den for shelter flies,
Whenever Judah's Lion looks abroad.

THEN, to his joy, the rescu'd Christian finds
The righteous hand that wounds in faithfulness,
In faithfulness can heal. More of his name,
As just and kind, he in his conduct reads,
And more his name adores. Then on his way
He walks again; but then with cautious feet
His way pursues, lest he again should fall.
But, O, how much he blames himself, that he

Against so kind a Sov'reign should transgress,
To serve a potentate *, so vile as sin !
Less ready to forget, than his kind Lord
To pardon what was wrong, he grieves for sins
He knows he shall not die for ; and his path
Wets, as he walks, with tears of penitence.

Now he begins to feel *dependence* swell,
As well as *safety*. Now the worth he sees
Of an atonement, which revolving time
Can never lessen. While he hates the sins
That pierc'd his Lord, his Lord he loves the more,
Who could those aggravated sins remit.
Now he perceives how permanent the rock
On which his hope he builds ; nor fears the storms,
That may in future rise, should e'er destroy,
Though oft they may disturb, his well-built peace.
Much rumination now his mind employs :
He ponders as he steps, assur'd of heav'n,
Because he knows the promise cannot fail † ;

* Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey ; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness ? Rom. vi. 16.

† Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. Luke xxi. 33.

God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath :

Yet much concern'd to be for heav'n prepar'd,
Because he knows no sin can enter there *.
With watchful eye his Lord's commands he marks:
His jealousy's proportion'd to his love.
Christ's presence, as the apple of his eye,
Tender, as well as *precious*, he esteems:
And oft as danger threatens him, looks up,
'Twixt fear and hope, to that Almighty hand
Which dropt the balm of peace into his heart:
Nor ever looks in vain.—Jehovah's ear
Is always open to his children's cry.
No enemy can intercept the flight
Of supplication on its way to God.
For he who gives desire its seraph wings
Guards it to heav'n. and, rapid as its course,
Brings down an answer to the waiting saint.
Then who can speak the high serene delight,
That kindles in his heart, while he from heav'n
A token of his Father's love receives,

that, by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to-day hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19.

* And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. Rev. xxi. 27.

And knows it is his heav'nly Father's voice
That says, '*Sufficient is my grace for thee.*'

CHRIST is in all his thoughts: with him he walks
The live-long day; and, when he lays him down,
Entreats his watchful presence through the night;
Sleeps sweetly on the pillow of his peace,
And, waking, seeks communion with his Lord,
As his best portion thro' the opening day.
Christ is his Morning Star, and Christ his Sun;
His day begins when he begins to smile,
His night when Jesus frowns. Of him he talks
With sacred rapture, while his dying love
(Shed richly by the Spirit on his heart)
Constrains his tongue to speak! with heartfelt
sighs,

When he the vacuum of his absence feels.
So large a room has Jesus in his heart,
That none beside can fill it; none beside
Can raise a spark of true enjoyment there.
No hand can bless like his that bliss creates;
No lord can rule like him that rules by love;
No king can govern like the King that sways
A righteous sceptre o'er a conquer'd heart.
He gives indeed, that gives away himself!
How great the gift, then, when the Lord of bliss

Himself bestows, the creature's bliss to crown !
That gift bestow'd, the giver must be dear ;
That gift receiv'd, the giver must be lov'd ;
And love alone can make obedience sweet.
Yet is this gift essential, though so great,
To pure delight in an immortal mind.
Immortal hopes alone are fit to expand
The mind that is immortal. Nothing less
Can satisfy or fill it : nothing more
Is needful to employ its noblest pow'rs.
Yet, though no words can paint the Christian's
bliss

In its true colours, while he walks with God,
And draws his comfort from celestial springs ;
Each humble follower of the Lamb of God
Must, as the Lord's disciple, bear his cross ;
And pass through tribulation to his crown.
Faith has to do with things invisible,
And must be prov'd superior to the world,
By patient suffering, and by lively hope,
'Midst all the changes of the present state.
Witness the man who laid aside his crook
To hold the sceptre o'er the chosen tribes ;
But first the persecuting frowns endur'd
Of his proud predecessor. Though of God
Belov'd, and call'd one after his own heart ;

His cross he bore before he wore his crown,
And pass'd thro' many a storm, ere he attain'd
The calm possession of his soul's desire.

And witness patient Job, who lov'd the Lord
More than his sons, his daughters, or his wealth;
Yet all his wealth, and sons, and daughters, lost
In one sad day, and bless'd the sov'reign hand
That gave him all, and took his all away.

'But skin for skin,' says Satan, 'will the man
Who loves the Lord, when outward comforts die,
Love him when all his flesh, with racking pain,
Shudders upon his bones? When fore disease,
And deep life-threat'ning wounds, his limbs de-
form,

Will he not gnash, with anguish keen, his teeth,
And curse the God that made him? Or, at least,
Will he not cease to bless him, while he feels,
From his inflicting hand, tortures like these?'

Let Satan reason thus, for it befits

His character, his conduct, and his place.

But such infernal reasons have no weight

With him who serves, because he loves the Lord.

The Christian knows that sin affords no balm

To heal the wounds it causes. God alone

Has power to heal, and sin alone has pow'r

To wound intelligence with conscious guilt.

No drop of blood had ever stain'd the earth,
From murd'rous, slaught'ring, or sacrific knife,
Had sin had no existence: guilt and fear,
Death's worst attendants, from the monster sin
Had their first birth, and with that monster die.

As much as other men the Christian feels
That pain is pain, but not like them behaves.
The sorrow of the world works only death;
But sorrow, when divine instruction blends
Therewith her useful lessons, mends the heart:
The trouble, therefore, a believer feels,
Is far superior to the worldling's joys.
It yields him fruit, tho' set with pricking thorns,
And richly pays him for the smart he feels,
In growth of patience, and of prudence too:
All things conspire to work the Christian's good;
Which makes him willing all things to endure,
While in his eye the end of all he keeps.
Yes, he can bear his Father's chast'ning rod,
Laid on the flesh, without a murm'ring thought:
Nor cease to bless him, while beneath his smile
His happy spirit basks. Such is the peace
That God bestows, and by his presence guards.
But that which most of all the Christian fears,
And that which most of all, when felt, he feels,

Is when the Holy Spirit, griev'd by sin,
Leaves him to pore upon the fest'ring wound:
Of a stung conscience. He can bear the pangs
Of feeble nature struggling with disease;
But oh, a wounded spirit! who can bear?
Yet even this, convinc'd the Lord is just
In all his ways, some champions have endur'd;
Patient beneath his indignation stood,
Knowing his anger burns but for a night,
And waited for the day-break of his grace.
Then, after such a night, how bright the morn
That dawns upon the Christian's waiting mind!
The bitter first, and after that the sweet,
Renders the sweet the sweeter when it comes,
And by the contrast heightens the delight.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

THE GROWING CHRISTIAN DESCRIBED BY HIS
EXPERIENCE.

ARGUMENT.

The Christian introduced relating his experience to others who fear God—The sweetness of Christian fellowship—The way of the transgressor is hard—A fresh sense of forgiveness revives the believer's hope of glory—All sincere Christians have not enjoyments alike—A caution against erroneous doctrine—The blissful hope, godly jealousy, and holy fortitude, of one that lives near to God—A picture of a lively and heavenly-minded Christian—A spiritual ecstasy—Cloudy days sometimes succeed to such bright sunshine—A song of Christian gratitude.

OFT, as the heav'n-bound pilgrim on his road
His fellow travellers to Zion finds,
(And oft he finds them, for their way is one)
He asks, with kindness, When their Lord they saw?
And tells, when he was favour'd with the sight.
'Come*, ye that love and fear the Lord,' he says,

* Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare
what he hath done for my soul. Psal. lxi. 16.

‘ And I will tell what he has done for me*.’
I fought him lost, and he my soul restor’d;
I fought him wounded, all my wounds he heal’d;
I fought him hungry, he my wants supply’d;
Helpless I fought him, to my aid he came,
And from the lion’s paw deliver’d me.
I wander’d from him, to my grief and shame;
My grief and shame he saw with pitying eye,
And to himself restor’d me, with a smile
That spoke forgiveness to my trembling heart.
My trembling heart, when I that pardon felt,
Was fix’d, was fir’d with rapture! On his love
I feasted daily; on his word I lean’d:
His word was my support: through it the storms
Which daily beat upon the pilgrim’s head,
I patiently endur’d; nor barely stood,
But gloried in the hand that held me up,
And guided all my steps. And while I fought
No other refuge but my Saviour’s name,
No satisfaction but delight in God,
No honour but my Lord’s approving smile;

* In my humble opinion, the churches in our day miss much spiritual comfort and edification, by the neglect of such fellowship one with another as is here described. At least, I may venture to say, I have been almost fourteen years a witness of the good effects of such meetings, in promoting unity of spirit, brotherly love, and mutual consolation under trials.

My days were like the days of heav'n on earth.
 Each rising morning, on its earliest beams,
 Convey'd instruction to my willing mind,
 And taught me to explore the dawn of heav'n.
 Yea, often, ere the morning star had told
 The shining sun's approach, my soaring thoughts
 Beyond creation's bounds had urg'd their flight,
 On faith's aspiring wings, to the third heav'n,
 Where my Redeemer dwells, my Sun and Shield,
 My Glory and my Strength : no stranger there,
 But (as a child from home, detain'd a while
 For needful admonition, visits oft,
 With joy, the place where his affections rest)
 Sweet welcome, and refreshment sweet, I found,
 With precious tokens of parental love,
 And dearer promises, that soon from earth,
 And earth's employ, my education done,
 I should be call'd to live at home in heav'n !
 Delight in God, as my eternal All,
 And from him each desire my heart could frame,
 Granted at once *, was then my happy lot.
 Meridian day was not my clearest light,
 Nor summer evening my serenest calm ;
 The Sun of Righteousness, that set in blood,

* Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the
 desires of thy heart. Psal. xxxvii. 4.

In glory to arise and set no more;
Made my most pleasant morn, my brightest noon,
My calmest evening; and, when night appear'd,
Ceas'd not to shine, but blest my happy dreams.
The day renew'd, new favours crown'd the morn,
And mercies, numberless as moments, mark'd
The swift revolving hours, happy as long;
Still making room for others as they pass'd,
No less desir'd than they. On golden wings
My time then fled; on golden wheels the car
Of love divine, in which towards heav'n I rode,
With glory full in view. Sweet on my ear
Were then the notes of heav'n: those brilliant
choirs

I long'd to join, and shout before the throne,
To their immortal song, my loud Amen.
How happy then was I to meet the saints,
And tell my Saviour's love! My tongue would
dwell

All day with rapture on the pleasing theme:
My ears with pleasure listen to the voice
Of grateful pilgrims, while his praise they sang.
My Saviour's name was music to me then:
And his fair image, where I saw it shine,
Was beauty in mine eyes; and on my heart
The names of those who bore the precious mark

Were deep engraven. With their flowing tears
I mingled mine; and when their hearts with joy
Exulted, and the rapid wings of praise
Bore up their thanks to heav'n, their song was
mine.

Rapture akin to theirs, when they were glad,
Beat thro' my leaping heart, and told how sweet
The fellowship * must be of saints above.
These I esteem'd the only excellent †
That earth could boast: with these my fleeting
days,

That yet below remain, I fain would spend:
With these, upon the everlasting hills,
I hope to join the last triumphant song,
' To him that lov'd us, and in his own blood
Wash'd us from guilt, and sav'd us from our sins;
To him, throughout his own eternity,
Be praise as boundless as his righteous reign.'
With these, till that bright period, I would learn
Submission to my Father's chast'ning rod;

* Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity—As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. Psal. cxxxiii. 1, 3.

† The saints that are in the earth, the excellent, in whom is all my delight. Psal. xvi. 3.

Delight in prompt obedience to his will;
Hatred to sin, which crucified my Lord;
The beauty of that law my Lord obey'd;
And how unfit the best of creatures are
To fill a mind created to enjoy
The friendship of the infinite Supreme.

BUT ah! these lessons I have but begun!
For, when the world, with an enticing snare,
My foolish heart assail'd, from my best love
Again I wander'd. O, how base was I,
To quit the pillow of eternal peace,
And seek repose among the thorns of time!
At pleasure's flatt'ring call, to turn aside
From the rich fountain of celestial wine,
For transient drops of soul-deluding joy,
Which spread intoxication thro' the mind,
And spoil its taste for solid happiness!
No creature comfort could I then enjoy.
My best affections, gone astray from God,
Could find no centre; but, from thing to thing,
With restless search, an endless round pursu'd,
And still came empty home. How true that word,
'The way which the transgressor takes is hard!'
No way so hard as when we take our own.
How does repentance tread, with bleeding feet

And throbbing bosom, o'er the rugged path
Which sin indulg'd has planted thick with thorns,
Still on my mind, which way so'er I took,
My sin was pourtray'd, and my guilt was mark'd
More deep, because ingratitude was there.
For this mine eyes have oft with tears o'erflow'd,
And secret groans have shook my aching heart.
For this my days have oft been wrapt in clouds;
In awful shades of guilty fear, my nights:
For this the faithful servants of my Lord
(Whose words, in seasons past, were wont to
cheer)

Have smote me sore with arrows of reproof,
Drawn from the quiver of Jehovah's word;
While, on the sound of invitation's voice,
My Lord, in wisdom, has forborne to smile.

BUT O! (proclaim it thro' fair Zion's streets,
And let the world the joyful tidings hear)
Forgiveness with the Lord, my Saviour, dwells,
And mercy waits upon the willing wings
Of strong desire, before my Father's throne,
To waft the happy news of pardon down
To the returning sinner's bleeding heart!
Again my Lord his glorious face unveil'd,
And bid me sin no more. Again I ran

With ecstacy in wisdom's pleasant paths ;
When with his presence he enlarg'd my heart ;
And by his Spirit's pow'r my strength renew'd.
Now I my way with trembling feet pursue,
Lest with mine eyes or heart I should offend ;
Or grieve, by sin, my only Friend in heav'n.
Yet, notwithstanding all my follies past,
My Lord, without upbraiding, freely still
Gives like himself, and wins my heart by love.
And when no snares of sin, or clouds of guilt,
My feet impede, or check my piercing eye,
By faith I view the crown for me laid up—
A crown whose lustre cannot fade away *.
By sweet anticipation I behold
The pearly gates of my last home expand,
My soul to welcome in ; and hear my Lord
Pronounce, ' Well done,' (however much I blush,
When I look back, to think how short I fall),
' Thy work is ended, and thy conflict's o'er.
Thy sorrows and thy tears I wipe away.
Thy crown is ready, and thy seat in bliss

* Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,
which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ;
and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.
2 Tim. iv. 8.

Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. 1 Pet.

v. 4.

G

Waits thee to fill it. Enter thou the joy
Of thy triumphant Lord, and reign with me.
See where thy dear companions wait, with love,
And shouts of holy joy, to welcome home,
Thee, their companion late in yonder vale,
Now fellow heir with them of endless life.
Go, take thy harp; for lo, thy harp is strung,
And tun'd already, and thy hands are skill'd
At once to join the harmony of heav'n.
When I thy sorrows bore on yonder tree,
Burst thee a passage through the gloomy grave,
And took for thee my seat on this my throne;
I gave thee matter of eternal praise,
And praise eternal shall thy tongue employ,
While joys immortal fill thy raptur'd soul.'

X I LOVE to think of heav'n, where I shall meet
My fellow travellers; and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturb'd;
Where holy faints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But when my heart anticipates the light
Of GOD INCARNATE, wearing on his side,
And hands, and feet, those marks of love divine
Which he on Calvary for me endur'd!
All heav'n beside is swallow'd up in this:

And he who is my hope of heav'n below,
Appears the glory of my heav'n above.

SUCH are the raptures high, the conflicts strong,
And sweet serene enjoyments, of the men
That Christians are indeed; that walk with God
In holy close communion day by day;
That work for God, as for their rightful Lord;
That seek their daily portion in his love;
That after Christ, as their example, walk,
And live to him as their sublimest end!
But some there are who know the Saviour's name,
Yet never rise so high, nor see so much,
Nor fight so hard as these, but often fear
They have to God, and to his saints, no love;
Because they do not love them as they would.
God is a sovereign, and bestows his grace
On whom, and in what measure, he sees best.

WHERE love exists, without its object near,
Jealous anxieties will oft arise:
And jealousy is cruel as the grave,
And swallows up the feeble Christian's joys,
Rending, with anguish keen, the tender heart
That beats with love to God. Anguish, to thee,
Sin-loving slave, unknown—to gratify

Passions, unhallow'd, on forbidden things,
And feel no guilt, is all the heav'n thou seek'st:
And O, tremendous thought! 'tis all the heav'n
Thou e'er shalt find, while such thy vain pursuit!
Poor bliss indeed—and short as it is poor—
To joy in sin! For guilt, despair, and death,
Walk in her train, and hell brings up the rear.
Nor let the lie of loud-tongu'd error cheat,
With prospect of release, thy wand'ring heart.
Justice bars up the adamantine gates
Of endless wrath, on all that die in sin;
And truth and goodness both, the act approve—
The justice, truth, and goodness, of a God
Immutably the same! And who can change
The verdict pass'd by these, or break those bars?
The man who feels, and grieves because he feels,
Sin strong within him, has an evidence
The careless sinner wants, of love to God.
Yes, he that trembles at a broken law,
And fears the curse impending o'er his head,
Is in more hopeful case, than he who thinks
Accepted at the bar of God to stand
For his own righteous deeds. Danger unseen,
Is like the silent arrow from a bow,
Which carries, without warning, certain death.

God sometimes speaks by fire ; on whirlwinds
sends

His awful mandates to the trembling soul.
Wraps his dark dispensations round in storms ;
And thunders forth, by pow'r omnipotent *,
His sovereign will to man. Then breaks, at length,
With mercy's gentle beams, the threat'ning clouds ;
And shews the promis'd rainbow round his head :
But oftner whispers with a small still voice,
Silent as night, and soft as morning dews,
His kind instructions to the heav'n-born soul.
Almighty pow'r is thus, as manifest
As in the dreadful storm that rends the skies,
And swells the deep to mountains. In the rose,
That scents the vale, as much of God is seen
As in the sturdy oak that scorns the breeze,
And firm abides while the fierce north wind blows.
As when the mariner at anchor lies,
And waits the first fair wind to speed his way
To his far distant home, he marks each breeze
That seems his hope to favour. So the soul,
That much of heav'n on earth enjoys, each thought
Which Godward glides across his mind, secures,
And seizes blest occasion on the wing.

* See the case of the jailor. Acts xvi. 26.

Heav'n is his harbour. •Not the softest gale
Blows thitherward, but he, by pray'r, expands
The willing sails of his unfurling pow'rs,
And gives it all his soul. The precious breeze
Swells round him as he goes; and on he rides,
Like a fair vessel with her port in view,
Under full sail for glory: while the shores
Ring with harmonious shouts of those that wait
To hail him welcome to his blissful home.

I CHARGE you then, he cries, ye worldly cares,
And sinful inclinations, by the roes,
And hinds, that bound along the level plain,
At the soft sound of each intruder's foot
Starting, suspicious of an enemy;
That ye disturb not him my soul adores,
While I with him commune—while he with me
(Amazing condescension!) deigns to talk.

THEN death may shake his arrows: he can sit
Secure beneath his Lord's protecting eye,
And smile in contemplation on the change,
The mortal change, through which he soon must
pass;
And count his treasures in the future state,
Serenely confident. How many a faint

Has shouted forth, with his expiring breath,
The great Redeemer's praise! Triumphant leap'd
Into the monster Death's devouring jaws,
And made his hollow vaults, while passing thro',
With hallelujahs ring! Thus Stephen dy'd;
Thus Polycarp, Ignatius, and the rest
Of those illustrious worthies, whose great names
Adorn the page of history, and shine
Like jewels in the silver lines of truth.
Thus holy Philpot kiss'd the fatal stake,
And shouted in the flames! But what were these,
That death so gently should the gates expand,
Of his dark mansions, to admit them through?
Jesus, the Captain of his chosen band,
Himself has trod the gloomy path before:
Pluck'd out the sting of death, and in its stead
Plac'd in his hand an arrow, sharp indeed,
To cut the strings of life; but on its point
No galling beard of dread conviction's left,
Envenom'd in the poisonous dregs of guilt.
Dipp'd in the balmy stream of his own blood
Is its keen point: and Mercy heals the wound,
While Truth and Justice cut the thread of life.

CAST, then, your gloomy fears of death aside,
Ye who the Saviour's holy image bear,

And for salvation trust in him alone,
And join the song of these triumphant saints.
He, who has conquer'd your first enemy,
And of all enemies the very worst,
Will, in his own due time, destroy the last *.

BEHOLD yon tree, whose lofty spreading
boughs †,
Extending wide, at once delight the eye
With plenteous foliage, and invite the taste,
Their load to lessen, by a rich repast.
Hard by the foot of its deep-rooted trunk,
A flowing river winds its crystal waves :
The fertile soil, not marshy, nor too dry,
Drinks in the passing stream, and to its root
Constant conveys the life-supporting sap.
See, to the north, a friendly ridge of hills,
Plac'd to defend it from the cutting blast ;
And, next the south, a wide extended vale
Welcomes the swelling gale, and gives it room
To spread and soften o'er the flow'ry banks
Of the clear sky-reflecting stream, which rolls
Majestic through its centre. Ev'ry branch
Bends to the show'r, and sips the precious dew,

* The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. 1 Cor.
xv. 26.

† Psal. i.

While the broad beams of the meridian sun
Swell and enrich its deep-enamell'd fruit.
Such is the Christian, who, like Enoch, dwells
In the pavilion of redeeming love,
And all the way to glory walks with God.
Jesus has borne for him the cutting north,
And now his Spirit, like the south wind, breathes
Refreshing gales of comfort through his soul.
Round his deep-rooted hope of future bliss
Eternal love, like a broad river, rolls,
And fills his heart with joy, his mouth with praise,
And all his pow'rs with bliss unspeakable.
He drinks instruction, with a quenchless thirst,
From that full spring of grace: whence issuing
forth

Sweet rills of consolation, through his mind
Almost incessant flow. Thrice happy he
Whose way to heav'n along this river lies.
What prospects, what delights, what company,
Attend, and crown his highly favour'd lot!
Much he believes beyond what he can see,
And much he sees beyond what he can tell.
His thoughts are sunbeams, pure as glowing flame;
Discerning as the eagle's piercing eye;
Active as rolling time's unwearied wheels,
And vast as heaven's expanse. Earth rolls beneath,

While on the rapid wings of light he flies
Up to the centre of immortal bliss,
And basks in the full beams of love supreme.
But, ah! not always can the human mind,
Though born of God, such scenes as these enjoy!
The happiest reckon these their golden hours,
And oft lament their absence. Down, alas,
E'en from the summit of such heights as these,
The best instructed Christian falls, too oft,
Into corruption's foul-defiling pit,
And finds himself by latent pride ensnar'd!
Yea, notwithstanding ecstasies so high,
The liveliest Christian sometimes in his race
Lingers, and, half amus'd by things around,
Which tend another way, forgets his road;
Till from his faithful Guide, unseen, yet still
His path attending, an important thought,
Less bright than solid, strikes his drowsy pow'rs,
And shews him vast eternity before,
Approaching on the steady wheels of time,
And ev'ry moment nearer;—death and hell
Appear behind, and dangers all around.
' Whence camest thou, and whither dost thou go?
Who brought thee hitherto, and on whose pow'r
Dost thou for future help and comfort trust?
Close to the ear of conscience, speaks the voice

Of him who governs in his people's hearts,
And outward pomp to speak his pow'r needs none.

Thus, these chilling winds blow from the north,
To blast his rising beauties in the bud.
The friendly hills, by Wisdom infinite,
Plac'd near the Christian's path, defend him still
From real harm : while all temptation's storms
Serve but to shake his graces to the root,
That deeper they may strike into the Rock
Whence they their strength derive, and rooted fast,
Grow faster than before. So breaks the Lord
The crafty head of proud Leviathan,
And turns to food the poison it contains,
To make his children wiser ; turns the curse
To an immortal blessing : working thus,
Alike by means of enemy and friend,
The counsel of his own efficient will.

Then sings the Christian, with instruction fed,
And cheer'd with wine upon the lees refin'd *
(The ancient wine of everlasting love),
' I will extol thee, O my God and King !

* And in this mountain shall Jehovah of Hosts make unto all
people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees : of fat
things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. *Isaiah*
xxv. 6.

For ever will I bleſs thy ſacred name.
For thou art wiſe as juſt, and juſt as wiſe,
And merciful as either. All thy *name*
Throughout creation, into ſhades retires,
Before the glories of thy brighter WORD.
Thy faithfulneſs to thy eternal Son,
And to the leaſt of all thy ſaints, in him,
Thro' all thy conduct ſhines : nor ſhines the leaſt
Where moſt my ſin abounds.—Shine, gracious
Lord,

Henceforth, as hitherto ! while on my way
Through conflict I advance ; that by thy light
I may the path of duty ſtill perceive,
And by thy grace maintain it, till I reach
The happy land where conflict is no more.
Then ſhall I ſing thy praiſes, not as now,
But as the ranſom'd ſing before thy throne.
Yet let me ſee thy glory while on earth*.

* [Moſes] ſaid, I beſeech thee ſhew me thy glory. And he ſaid, I will make all my goodneſs paſs before thee : and I will proclaim the name of Jehovah before thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious ; and will ſhew mercy on whom I will ſhew mercy. And Jehovah ſaid, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou ſhalt ſtand upon a rock ; and it ſhall come to paſs, while my glory paſſeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I paſs by ; and I will take away mine hand, and thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face ſhall not be ſeen. Exod. xxxiii. 18—23.

O, hide me in the clift of Zion's Rock,
And let thy goodnefs pafs before mine eyes,
While on my God, in human flefh, I gaze,
The glory of the gospel and the law !
Deep in the ftream of his atoning blood
My guilty confcience plunge. Deep on my heart
The beauteous likenefs of my Lord engrave.
In lively letters of celeftial gold,
Write on my memory thy goodnefs paff.
My prefent lot, with fweet contentment crown,
And let thy promis'd glories, all before,
Form the vaft profpect of my future blifs.'

WHY blooms one tree, in this delightful vale,
More than another, north of yonder hills ?
Muft friendly mountains, the wide-spreading
plain,
The flowing river, and the fwelling breeze,
The fertile foil, the fhew'rs, and precious dew,
With the all-crowning, all-producing fun,
Share of all this the praife ? Or muft the God,
Who made the fun, who fills the clouds with rain,
Direfts the fhew'rs, both where and when to fall,
Within his potent hand the north-wind holds,
And from his boundlefs treasures fends the fouth ;
Who fix'd the mountains, and the vallies fpread ;

Who form'd, of various qualities, the earth ;
Who fill'd with waters the stupendous deep,
And taught the fruitful rivers where to flow ;
Have all the glory ? How much more, of Grace,
Which in no creature system is contain'd,
But ever flows, immediate, from himself !

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

THE CHRISTIAN DESCRIBED BY HIS PRACTICE.

ARGUMENT.

The amiable dispositions of a real Christian's heart—Manifested in the character of a master—A servant—A husband—A father—Sufferings and christian submission of a bereaved parent—The riches of a poor Christian—What the rich *are* in general, and what they *should* be, as Christians.

INTERNAL evidence assures the man
Who feels it, of the pow'r of truth divine;
And truth divine assures the man who sees
Its hidden beauties, of a place in heav'n.
But rich experience will produce rich fruit,
And holy meditations in the heart,
Nurtur'd, will into holy actions spring.
Thoughts, words, and actions, in one golden chain
Together link'd in harmony, and worn,

With the becoming grace experience adds,
Form the best ornament the Christian wears.

HUMBLE and grateful, cheerful and serene,
As well at home as when with friends abroad.
Content with little, or well-using much;
Kind to the world, and loving in the church.
In things domestic, prudent; diligent
In business, whether lab'ring with his hands,
Or guiding many by his active mind.
Sound in his understanding, warm his heart;
And shining, as the silver moon, his life.
A Christian's like the rose that drinks the dew,
And to the sunbeams opens all its folds;
Then sheds a grateful fragrance on the wings
Of ev'ry gentle breeze which o'er it blows,
And spreads its varied colours to the sight
Of each beholding eye; proclaiming thus
His glory, who sustains the shining sun,
And sends refreshing morn, and ev'ning dew.
Often he drinks those flowing streams of life,
The pure heart-cheering promises of grace,
And basks in noon-day beams of love divine:
Then, happy in himself, with gen'rous heart,
And bounteous hand, diffuses blessings round,
And makes a little heaven where'er he dwells.

Is he a master? mild in his commands,
In his requirements moderate and just.
With gentleness he rules; not soon provok'd,
Nor long at once displeas'd. If he reprove,
He aims at sin—resentment he denies;
Nor ever threatens but with special cause:
Order and peace, handmaids of happiness,
He constantly maintains, or soon restores,
If jarring spirits on their bounds intrude.
Aware of bright example's needful force,
He shews himself a pattern to his house.
He knows the man, that would with judgment
 rule,
Must learn self-government. That noble art
He therefore studies; marks each wayward bent
And fretful disposition of his mind,
And checks it in the bud by sudden pray'r,
Or steady self-denial. Thus he learns
To soften blame with pity, nor expects
From others what he finds not in himself.
Observing daily how his Lord rules him,
His government he strives to imitate,
And rules, as much as possible, by love.
Thus, hon'ring the wise providence of God,
That sees distinctions needful, he obeys
More precepts than he utters: serving them

That are his servants, by his constant care
Of their felicity, as one with his.

No man can properly his lot enjoy,
Who knows not how to fill it. Think of this,
Ye who suppose your servants made for you,
And you for tyrant self.—Conscience will speak
When servants must not—when with little cause
Your anger fiercely burns, or when too long
It prints a frown upon your haughty brow;
'Twill set on fire your own internal peace,
And tell you, you've in heav'n, a *Master* too.
Rule, therefore, kindly, and be serv'd in kind;
God has ordain'd that like should like produce—
Obey and be obey'd. Sow the kind seed
Of tender care for others, and behold,
From grateful diligence, constrain'd by love,
A constant and a plenteous harvest rise.

Is he a servant? With obedient hands
His Master's pleasure daily he performs,
Rememb'ring all the while he serves his Lord,
By walking in the steps his Lord ordains.
If those he serves be enemies to God,
He'll manifest himself the Saviour's friend,
By meek deportment. If they love the Lord,

He counts it double honour to obey.
 Conscious he's heir to heav'n, he cares not much
 Who rules below, so he may dwell in peace;
 Useful to man, and happy in his God.

Is he a husband? Ev'ry tender proof
 Of dear affection, and unceasing care,
 That marks that character when best sustain'd,
 Constant he gives; and rises higher still,
 In kind concern for that which never dies.
 He knows the body, precious as it is,
 Is but the casket which contains the soul.
 What is on earth like two that walk one way
 In wedded love, when both their hearts are one?
 Their heart, their hope, their aim, their end, the
 same.

Nothing but death such pairs can separate;
 Nor death shall part them long. The bands dis-
 solv'd,
 Which made them one in time, the stronger bands,
 Which make them one for ever, still remain.
 For, though relations, such as here they fill'd,
 Are not in heav'n, the union there exceeds
 The highest conjugal delight on earth.

BUT here, alas, the muse must pause awhile,
 And drop a tear of pity! Many a pair

In wedlock join'd, to two wide centres tend;
Like fire and water, constantly oppose,
And quench alternately each other's aim!
O, ye that know the Saviour's precious name,
Yet cannot walk the road to heaven alone;
Hear what a friend advises—Rather hear
What Christ himself, your highest friend, com-
mands.

Cast not your eyes on beauty void of grace;
Sin, like a serpent with envenom'd sting,
Looks in that damask cheek. That piercing eye
Conceals a dagger's point, which one rash vow
Will sheath for life, in your expiring peace!
Beware, then, how you tread that fatal step,
Which cannot be recall'd. Fix but your *heart*,
Where grace has fixt her *seat*, and all is well.

Does he a father's character sustain?
He sees the truth of God in man's disgrace,
And hears the voice which says, 'A sinner
comes,'

In all the anguish his dear partner feels:
Yet murmurs not beneath the sov'reign hand
That, with abhorrence of the first offence,
The birth of every child of Adam marks.
Each bad propensity, through him deriv'd,

Watching, he aims to check while in the bud;
Nor wonders, though he sighs, when they appear.
What, from a root corrupt, can he expect,
But a corrupted branch? Not in the blood *,
Nor of the will of man, is grace convey'd,
But by Jehovah's sovereign will alone.
From hence he learns submission. God's decrees,
For his inspection, he accounts too high.
The precepts are his rule: and well he knows
The Lord will honour them that honour him.
With diligence he therefore tries the means;
And, as the growing pow'rs, from infancy
Shoot into childhood, and from childhood branch
To reason's plainer dawn, advancing still,
Till youthful efforts into actions rise,
And plainly to the strict observer tell
Whither they tend, and whence they are deriv'd;
The prudent father, with an eagle-eye,
Marks ev'ry lisping word, each childish act,
And youthful effort, as they spring to light;
And timely bends and prunes his growing plant:
Rewards the promising, the base detects,
Corrects the wilful, and encourages
(By motive suited to the little mind)

* Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh,
nor of the will of man, but of God. John i. 13.

To things that merit, and obtain applause.
How fair the prospect, to a parent's mind,
Of budding talents and an active soul!
What will not hope, by fond affection warm'd,
Of future usefulness and gifts suggest?

BUT, ah! Why starts from the fond mother's
eye

That sudden tear? And wherefore that pale look,
Unusual, on the tender father's cheek?

Why does that honest servant droop his head,
As for his master griev'd, while he, with haste,
Flies on some message whisper'd in his ear?

Returning soon, a stranger with him comes,
With foot soft treading, and collected mien,
On whom the mother fixes first her eye,

Then turns it to her child; while her full heart,
For words too big, says, by a wishful glance,
Physician, help!—Help the physician, Lord!
The pious father secretly exclaims.

He shakes his head—grief throws her flood-gates
back,

And in at once a tide of sorrow rolls
On ev'ry aching heart. The means are us'd
To feed expiring hope, and lengthen out
The fatal stroke impending—but in vain.

A few days more present a breathless corse,
To the sad parents, in their darling's room.
Stern winter overtakes their smiling spring,
And frowns their hope of future harvest dead.

Now where's the Christian?—Can he stand the
flock

That severs nature's tender bonds, and still
The hand that strikes adore? See where he walks!
A brother's friendly ear his tale attends,
While on his arm he leans—'Why art thou sad?'
Kindly his friend inquires. He thus replies:
'I ask'd the Lord, and my request he heard,
To bless me with a loving, prudent wife.
Prayer answer'd oft encourages, you know;
(For God is not like man) to pray again.
Again I ask'd, submissive to his will,
If right I judge, and he bestow'd a son.
What we by prayer obtain, we hold with praise:
And many a sweet sensation through my heart
From heav'n has dropt, and up to heav'n again
Ascended on the wings of gratitude,
While on that object I have fix'd my eye,
And there myself in miniature beheld.
And though the curse was with the blessing mixt,
So wisely has the God of providence,

The links of dear relationship ordain'd,
That e'en the curse seem'd to a blessing turn'd;
While sweet instruction, thro' the bitter streams
Of man's apostacy, I oft imbib'd.
Now in my ears the little prattler's tongue
Creates delight no more. No more I see,
When on my dearest counterpart I look,
The lovely infant smiling at the breast;
Or at my feet, or on my knees, behold
The winning actions of the lively babe,
Or the young efforts of expanding thought.
The mother's gushing eyes, the piteous look
Of retrospective fondness, the big sigh
That breaks abruptly from her lab'ring heart,—
Reflect, without, what still within I feel.
The favourite spot, on which I fix'd my eyes
When first my doors I enter'd, vacant now,
Or only by imagination fill'd.
The very trifles, once delighted in
For childish entertainment, unemploy'd
And useless render'd, all salute me now,
And in sad silence tell me, o'er and o'er,
What I too well remember, I was once
Blest with a son.—But I have touch'd my friend—
'Tis Christian kindness, and deserves my thanks:
Yet wipe that tear of sympathy away,

And join me, as in sorrow, so in praise.
For, though I cannot cease to be a man,
I feel I am—all glory to his name
Who made me so at first—a Christian still.
God is my portion, he the gift bestow'd;
God is my portion, he the gift recall'd;
And tho' the gift's recall'd, my portion still
Is God, who gave, and took the gift away.
Think not thy friend a loser, though bereav'd.
Who can the price of solid wisdom weigh,
Or count the worth of what experience learns,
When God himself's the teacher? I have thought
No substitute the absence could supply
Of that dear object; but I now believe
What God has taught me. Who can teach like
him?

That conscience is the seat of blessedness,
And God alone, without a creature's aid,
That seat can fill; can thro' the yielding heart
From thence shine forth, till all the happy soul
Basks in the beams of his meridian smile,
And needs no other sun. Here would I live;
For here life's fountain flows. Here would I die;
For one bright glance from my Redeemer's face
Will dissipate the thickest gloom of death.

No weight can sink the man that God upholds;
No conflict can dishearten him whose mind
The Captain of Salvation deigns to cheer.
I can do all things, all things can endure,
By him supported, and from him supplied.
'True, I've a wounded heart; but I've a friend
So skill'd in healing, that 'tis more delight
To be beneath his operating hand,
And bear the sev'ring knife, which cuts away
Idoltrous occasion, than to bask
In the full sunbeams of prosperity,
And gratify an uninstructed will.'

THERE is a secret in the ways of God,
With his own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all he does: and if such peace,
While under his afflicting hand we find,
What will it be to see him as he is,
And past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate,
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which his wisdom has prepar'd his saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains!
'Come, then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns

Is better than a smiling enemy.

We welcome clouds which bring the former rain,
Tho' they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enrich'd, the earth may
yield

A fruitful summer, and a plenteous crop.

Is poverty the lively Christian's lot ?
Content dwells with him in his humble cell ;
And by that lovely handmaid's constant aid,
He finds a feast, where discontent would starve :
For he has salt from heav'n to season all,
And daily blessings sweeten daily bread.
Little has he to care for in this world ;
And much he thinks of that which is to come.
He can look up without an envious eye,
To stately palaces and rolling cars ;
Since, in the chariot of redeeming love,
He often travels the celestial road ;
And oft regales, with unencumber'd state,
In the pavilion of the King of kings.
One thing ennobles much the poor man's house,
And places o'er his crest a coronet
In heraldry divine. Jesus, himself,

Had not a place wherein to lay his head *.
So poor was he by choice, who by his grace
Enriches happy millions here on earth,
And furnishes with jewels heav'n itself.
Since Christ was poor, what sinner can complain?
Since Christ was poor, what faint would covet
wealth?
His likeness here, his love in heav'n, be mine.

AMONG the rich and mighty of the earth,
Few can endure the meek Redeemer's cross.
Riches and self-denial ill agree:
Humility and grandeur seldom fit
On the same sofa with a comely grace.
Well might the Lord of life declare it hard
For wealthy man to place his hope in heav'n!
Such num'rous objects to allure the sense,
And sense so quick and prompt to feel their force:
These plac'd before the eye, and heav'n unseen,
(Except as faith perceives it in the word,)
Make work for faith and patience; and employ
The utmost vigour of the Christian's hope

* The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests,
but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. Mat.
viii. 20.

To keep them down, and glory full in view.
Yet nothing is with God impossible.
His Spirit can subdue the love of sin,
Ev'n in a rich man's heart ! and cause good fruit
To grow, where nature so abounds with thorns.
Where wealth, with influence or pow'r, is placed
In Christian hands, proportionably much,
The Lord, who gives them all, expects in fruit.
The lib'ral hand of Providence expands
The lib'ral Christian's heart. Much he receives,
And much he scatters, dealing all around,
With cheerfulness, what God bestows on him.
Fear not, rich saints, to turn your gold to feed,
And sow it in the fields of poverty.
A glorious crop, beyond your hopes, will rise,
And well reward your kindness. Ye shall reap,
Of present benefit, an hundred fold,
And future sheaves of everlasting good.
The kindness of his creatures to himself
The Saviour condescended to accept :
And still their kindness to his saints he deems
Of the same worth, and owns it done to him !
This is the bank where wealth accumulates
Beyond all reck'ning. Trust the Lord with all,
And *cent. per cent.* by hundreds multiplied,
Will pour, with interest, on your growing stock.

There lay your bags—no iron bars or bolts
Are needful to secure them. There no rust
Can their pure worth reduce. No thief can steal
The wealth entrusted in the Saviour's hands.
Nor can his credit fail, whose word is TRUTH,
And his vast property, the UNIVERSE.
Oh, then, remember what the Lord hath said,
That 'where your treasure is, your heart will be:'
And trust your heart and riches both with HIM.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK VII.

ANCIENT EXAMPLES OF PRACTICAL FAITH.

ARGUMENT.

Examples of practical faith, taken from the scriptures—Abel, his character contrasted with that of Cain—The heavenly affections and holy practice of Enoch—Noah's character, preaching, and deliverance from the flood—The church, in its present state, compared with Noah's ark—Abraham, his faith, with the trials and fruits of it.—Jacob, considered as a type of the true Christian in every age.—The use which faith makes of the word of God—Application of all to conscience.

Now let the candid eye of judgment, clear,
Compare the character, already sung
As Christian, with those righteous men that liv'd
Before, and since the flood. Arise, ye saints,
Ye patriarchs, rise!—A cloud of witnesses,
And by your holy lives confirm my song.
Why did not Abel, as his brother Cain,
With fallen countenance and clouded brow,

Express repugnance to his Maker's will?
By faith, and not by merit, he attain'd
Pre-eminence, and offer'd to the Lord
A sacrifice more excellent than Cain:
Faith, not from Adam springing, but the gift,
The gracious gift, of his redeeming God.
By faith, when he beheld the victim bleed,
He saw the great atonement after made
On Calvary, by the Redeemer's blood:
And in that sight rejoicing, saw the way
To heaven's expanding gates, though never shut
On one redeemed soul, till he himself
Enter'd triumphant by that crimson stream
On which, by faith, he launch'd. 'A sinner sav'd!
A sinner ransom'd from the chains of hell!
A sinner wash'd in blood, and sanctify'd
By God's almighty Spirit!' was the theme
Which fill'd all heav'n with hallelujahs loud,
While thro' those happy gates his welcome soul
Pass'd to the mansions of eternal bliss.
True, he was righteous, and his brother's deeds,
The black reverse, were wickedness itself.
But Abel's righteous actions were the fruit
Of grace implanted early in his heart;
And Cain's abhorred deeds were all his own,
The dire effects of cursed enmity

To God and man—inherited, alas,
By him, and all the race, from our first fire!
How strong, how irrefragable, the proof
Which then appear'd of man's depravity,
When, thro' his brother's blood, to hell's black
 shades,

Cain urg'd his wilful way! (Such the first fruit
Of human nature!) Abel's righteous life,
His holy joys, his humble walk with God,
And God's acceptance of his sacrifice,
His soul could not endure. His envious eye
Ach'd at the sight of pleasures not his own,
Though not by him desir'd. His brother's blood
His malice shed, because his brother's works
Reprov'd his own. What could he do in heav'n,
If heav'n should make him room, where harmony
Incessant strikes the sounding chords of praise,
And gratitude upon the lap of love,
For ever smiles delighted with the sound:
Where order sits supreme upon the throne,
And each inhabitant completely knows,
And well approves—and well becomes his place,
And each rejoices in the good of all?
The sight of holy blessedness around
Would fan the fire of envy in his soul,
And breed a hell too horrid for a name.

Oh, sinner, think on this! None but pure hearts
Can taste pure pleasure : holy minds alone
Can dwell with purity divine, in bliss.

WHY was not Abel left to murder Cain,
And Cain the first of holy martyrs crown'd ?
Dumb be inquiry, since the righteous Judge
Is sov'reign in his gifts; and whom he will
He freely saves, and saves because he will—
The riches of his grace to glorify,
And level all the haughtiness of man.
No other answer seek, but say, Amen,
And humbly echo back the song of heav'n.

SUCH as the Christian is, was Enoch too,
Three hundred years: amidst a wicked world,
He left the beaten road, and walk'd with God.
With God he walk'd, and God did condescend
(No common favour then) to testify
His gracious approbation to the heart
Of humble Enoch, many a happy hour;
When the vain world, unconscious of his bliss,
Pitied, perhaps, or blam'd his abstinence
From things to them delightful. But he fed
On heav'nly food; had near access to God;
And, from experience of such high delight

In things superior, learn'd to set his feet
Where they their highest hopes and wishes plac'd.
The heav'n they fought was but the path to his;
And he possess'd it, as he walk'd along,
With a superior relish to the joy
They found in its abuse. The man who plucks,
And as he plucks admires, the full blown rose,
Yet knows its beauty soon will die away,
And is not disappointed when it fades;
Enjoys it, sure, beyond the smiling babe,
That fondly thinks it permanent as fair,
And frets at length to find it cease to charm.
So treats the Christian this dissolving world :
And, when its favours or enjoyments fade,
Casts them aside as things of little worth,
And seeks unfading happiness in God.
But, like that fond, deluded, smiling babe,
The man of pleasure hugs it to his heart;
Calls it his heav'n, and from it seeks delight,
Till, in his vitals, it becomes a worm,
And eats the peace he meant it to secure.

As trav'lers on their way refreshment take
To fit them for their journey, and go on
Content, tho' rude their fare, to find supply'd
Their wants, and wait for better things at home :

So Enoch, the good things of Providence,
As on his way to heav'n he walk'd with God,
Partook; and, with the strength he thence deriv'd,
Honour'd and serv'd the Giver of them all—
But only in his God his portion sought.

He knew the joys that Christians now partake,
And felt all thro' his soul what makes them sing,
As on their way they walk, when heaven's bright
gates,

Expanded to the piercing eye of faith,
Invite them home, and bid them speed their way.
Yea, he rejoic'd, tho' then the world was young,
In its destruction; for his eye was fix'd
On the new world, since promis'd to th' elect
In terms more plain than it was then reveal'd.
His heav'n-taught mind look'd forward to that
day,

And of that morn he prophesy'd, when Christ
The Judge and Saviour, with ten thousand saints,
Should come to sentence an ungodly world,
And take his ransom'd millions home to bliss.

At length his soul imbib'd too much of heav'n
Longer with sinners here to be confin'd.
So well he lov'd his God—(say rather, muse,
So well his God lov'd him) that up at once

Both soul and body to himself he took :
Not through the gates of death, as others pass,
But in the chariot of eternal love ;
As only one since then has found his way.
Then earth was poor, and heav'n one jewel held,
From all the rest distinct—(a jewel such
As will adorn the Saviour's glorious crown,
When from the dust the ransom'd church shall rise
In one bright army, incorruptible,
And all immaculate, as Christ himself!)—
A perfect soul and perfect body, join'd
In union, never more to be dissolv'd.

Poor was the world indeed, as soon appear'd,
When swelling vengeance, pouring from the skies,
And bursting from the fountains of the deep,
Delug'd the highest hills; and of the vales
Made sepulchres for all that in them dwelt,
One favour'd man excepted; and with him
The family in whom his life was bound.
He also, as good Enoch, walk'd with God,
And God acknowledg'd him. For when the world
Had sinn'd beyond forgiveness; when their crimes
Reach'd up to heav'n, and dar'd Almighty wrath;
When the corruptness of their thoughts and ways
Had wearied out the patience of a God;

He, in his eyes, found grace: and God to him
His dread intent made known, commanding him
To build an ark, where he might dwell secure,
With all his house, while death ingulph'd the
world!

Noah obey'd, for Noah fear'd the Lord,
Tho' man he did not fear: and while he wrought,
As God instructed him, the mighty work,
Fore-warn'd his neighbours of the threat'ning
storm,

And preach'd a future Saviour's righteousness,
With that atonement by him after made,
The only way to pardon. They their sins
Lov'd rather than this Saviour, and despis'd
(As men do now) the messenger of God,
Till justice came and swept them all away.
So, when the SON OF MAN, on a bright cloud,
With all his glorious train around him, comes
To judge the quick and dead, will men be swept
From sin to swift destruction; there to learn,
By long experience, that which, while on earth,
They would not hear—that God will not be
mock'd.

GOD threatens oft, and long his hand withholds,
That men, repenting, may avoid the blow:

But when he strikes, he makes the rebels feel
His arm's almighty, and his wrath is hell.
So felt the world; while Noah, on the waves
Which swallow'd them, upborne, trusted in God,
His skilful pilot, and remain'd secure,
Tho' death was all around. God shut him in,
(Whose hand let loose the flood) and kept him
safe

O'er all the shoreless billows; watching still
The favour'd ark which on destruction rode,
But could not be destroy'd: for God was there.

So ride the saints secure in Christ their ark,
On whom destruction's waves were all let loose,
And for a while prevail'd: but he arose,
By his own strength, superior to them all,
And fix'd the anchor of their hope in heav'n.
And though the waves may lift their heads on
high,

And dash against the favour'd church of God,
While on temptation's billows she remains,
They never can prevail: for God himself
Sits at the helm, and guides the vessel right.
The seas may swell; the craggy rocks may stand
In dread array to fright the mariners;
Yea, many a storm may rise, and blacken round

The dismal prospect ; till no light appears
To cheer the drooping heart, or raise the hope
Of her inclos'd within. But, should the force
Of all the jarring elements at once,
With sin and sorrow, pain and death, unite,
And hellish malice lend them policy,
Zion could never sink, for GOD IS THERE * ;
And these are all his creatures. In his hand
He holds the reins of universal pow'r,
And checks, and bounds, and calms them at his
will.

O, then, rejoice, ye who have trembling sought,
And timely found, a refuge, from the storm
Of wrath divine, in the Redeemer's cross.
Soon o'er the waves of trouble and distress,
Which now so oft you feel, and oft'ner fear,
Your little bark, outriding every storm
That rises now, or may in future rise,
Shall rest upon the everlasting hills,
And never feel one dashing surge again.

THE flood abated, and the ground was dry,
When forth again the chosen family
Came, by divine command. Then God was
pleas'd,

* Ezek. xlviii. 35.

To sinful man, to grant that covenant
Which hangs the life of all upon his word :
That never down from heaven again should fall,
Or from the fountains of the deep arise,
Another flood to overwhelm the earth ;
A cov'nant sealed by that peaceful sign
The beauteous bow * ; which in the azure vault
So oft appears, when clouds fly threatening round :
On which Jehovah looks, and keeps in mind
His ancient word :—on which the saints with joy
Gaze, and remember what a faithful God
Has promis'd, and performs. Gaze, Deist, there,
And tremble, lest thy faith be found a lie.

Thus was the promis'd seed preserv'd alive,
Which should in future bruise the serpent's head,
And only suffer in his heel a bruise.

* And God said, This is the token of the covenant, which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations. I do set my bow in the cloud ; and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud ; and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh : and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. Gen. ix. 12—16.

God will not without witness leave his name,
To dwell obscur'd in this degen'rate world.
And witnesses, perhaps, had many more,
Besides those patriarchs, whose illustrious names
Shine thro' th' historic page, as shines the moon
Amidst the twinkling stars. But these are drawn
By an unerring pen, to shew the pow'r
Of rich redeeming grace. The promise dropt
Almost as soon from heav'n, as man from bliss;
And from that promise God his faithful eye
Never once turns, but still, as time rolls round,
Makes manifest, to all who mark his ways,
What by his sov'reign grace he then reveal'd.
Admire, ye heav'ns! Ye sons of men adore,
The condescending God, that down to earth
Stoops from his throne, with creatures of a day
To hold free converse, and to visit oft
His lovely dwelling in familiar form!
But still, on all his kindness, sov'reignty
Is with a sunbeam written:—silent, then,
Be ev'ry tongue before a silent God!
Ten generations pass'd, of whom no more
On sacred record stands, but that they liv'd
So long a time, and after so long, dy'd:
Till Abraham, for faith and fortitude
In holy writ renown'd, nor less esteem'd

For prompt obedience to Jehovah's will,
Arose a star in eastern history,
To shine admir'd through all the western world.
Admir'd, for what?—for shedding human blood,
For conq'ring kingdoms, and ascending thrones,
By his high courage and victorious arms?
No—he who rules his spirit, and denies
His vicious appetites, is bolder far
Than he that butchers thousands, to be rank'd
High on the list of mighty conquerors.
Yet he could fight, and conquer too, when call'd
To right the injur'd, and the prey restore
Back to its owners. But his excellence
Was not on thrones, or conquer'd kingdoms built.
Faith in Jehovah's promise made him great;
Abraham believ'd, and he was counted just*.

WHEN God first call'd him from his father's
house,
He stood not questioning with flesh and blood,
If this or that were best; but went at once,
Not knowing whither: and when up to heav'n
Jehovah pointed him to count the stars,
If possible, and promis'd that his seed

* Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. iv. 3.

Should equal them in number, he believ'd,
Though he himself was aged, and his wife
Had pass'd the time of nature to conceive.
In hope against hope, he could rest secure
That what Jehovah said would come to pass:
What stagger'd Sarah's faith (and faith she had)
Found sudden credit in the patriarch's breast.

LONG he believ'd, without more evidence
Than God's bare word. But now a son was giv'n;
And, in his old age, all the strength of youth
Return'd, with vigour, to his glowing veins,
For more than threescore years. Isaac was born,
And liv'd till he became a lovely youth—
His father's honour, and his mother's joy.
Thus far his faith was strong; but how much
more,
When he, whose hand bestow'd, demanded back
The precious gift of his dear Isaac's life?
Then Abraham's faith was fruitful: he obey'd
At once his Lord's commands, nor stopt to hear
The voice of nature pleading for his son,
But rais'd his hand to strike the duteous blow,
Aim'd at his darling's heart; till God from heav'n
(No other voice could check his firm resolve)
Call'd to forbid what he, to try his faith,

At first commanded. Isaac was restor'd,
As a reward of his triumphant faith.

TYPE of the new-born soul opposing sin,
Young Jacob, in the birth, on Esau's heel
Took wrestling hold, him threat'ning to supplant.
A wrestler born is ev'ry heir of grace;
And each that enters heav'n, a wrestler dies.
A warring infant, and a victor crown'd
In death, with laurels which can never fade,
Are lively emblems of the bud of grace,
And grace full ripe for glory. Mark the man *
Who lives opposing sin, and conqu'ring dies;
And say, with confidence, ' His end was peace.'

GRACE, in its influence, was, in ancient days,
What grace is now. Unchangeably the same;
It ever flows from one eternal source—
The everlasting love of God in Christ.
The Saviour's image mark'd the heav'n-bound soul,
Long ere Divinity was clad in flesh:
And Jacob's portrait, drawn with light and shade
By truth's own pencil, striking as the life,
Proves that the Christian, in that ancient garb,

* Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace. Psal. xxxvii. 37.

Differ'd in garb alone from Christians now.
With what simplicity were faith and hope,
And patience, waiting for the growth of bliss,
Till God should bid it ripen, exercis'd
In Jacob's bosom, when he first went forth,
On God dependent, from his father's house!
An humble staff was all his equipage,
And his provision—trust in Providence.
Thus, unencumber'd with terrestrial care,
Alone he travell'd till the sun was set;
Then laid his lowly head upon a stone,
And slept all night in peace. In peace he slept,
For his obedient mind from guilt was free,
And therefore free from fear. Fear only dwells
Where guilt inhabits. None can sleep so sweet
As he whom a good conscience soothes to rest.
So rest my soul, as I my way pursue
To my eternal home! Let Jacob's peace,
And Jacob's guard, and Jacob's God, be mine!
And mine the prospect happy Jacob saw—
The blissful prospect of a way to heav'n,
And guards celestial planted all along;
While, from the summit, God's omniscient eye
Watches his chosen people as they pass.
See Jacob, born a wrestler, wrestling live,
And shout salvation in the jaws of death.

Behold the child grasp at the filial crown !
Behold the youth his appetite deny,
A future glorious birthright to obtain !
Then see the man, from persecution's frown,
Fly, not unenvied, tho' with empty hand,
Because his father's blessing crown'd his head,
And show'rs of promis'd good bedew'd his path.
With his stone pillow, and angelic guard,
See him, while journeying, favour'd with a view
Of God's appointed way to endless rest,
When he on earth the heav'n-propp'd ladder saw,
And from its summit heard Jehovah's voice !
See twenty years, in Laban's service spent,
By day to heat expos'd, to cold by night.
See him, his labours with abundance crown'd,
Return, with honour, to his father's house,
And cross that Jordan, with a numerous train,
Which with his staff alone he pass'd before !
See heaven's blood-royal animate his heart,
With such celestial courage by the way,
That, as a prince, he conquer'd and was crown'd ;
Wrestled with God, and won the glorious prize !
Long with domestic jars and changes try'd,
See him in Canaan and in Egypt dwell.
Then see the good old man, matur'd at last,
And ripe for heav'n, with blessings on his lips,

And glory in his eye; and say, ye sons
Of Abram's faith, of Isaac's fortitude,
And wrestling Jacob's heav'n-besieging pray'rs,
If in this sketch no likeness you discern
To all that now are Israelites indeed?
Thus have I sung the Christian's tow'ring faith,
Which, from the doctrines of Jehovah's word,
Imbibes celestial nourishment and strength;
Which (like the bee that finds in ev'ry flow'r
Some vital sweet) exploring all the word,
Sees on each branch of truth rich blessings grow.
The PROMISE, big with mercy, yields him life,
And all those comforts which exhilarate,
And lift the new-born spirit's hope to bliss.
The PRECEPT, shining clear, directs his steps,
Thro' paths of holiness, to heav'n and God.
The THREATNING warns him of those dangerous
shelves,
Or quicksands deep, where false professors break
Against presumption's rocks; or, faithless, sink
Down to the hopeless regions of despair.
The PROPHECIES present him with a map,
Where all Jehovah's purposes of grace,
His awful judgments, and the dire effects
Of his tremendous vengeance on his foes,
With all his bright displays of saving pow'r,

Are drawn in just proportions, by an hand
Which never err'd—the hand of truth divine.
The DOCTRINES, like the sun, both light and heat
Communicate at once. Thence he derives
Both strength and skill to wield the sword of
truth

In conflict sharp ; or, with obedient feet,
To run, submissive to divine command.
Here he beholds the wonders of the cross,
Whence full salvation, like a river, flows :
And here perceives the glory of that crown,
Whose gems will shine immortal on his head,
When he, like gold, bright from the purging fire,
From sin and sorrow freed, ascends to heav'n,
And enters on his sure inheritance.

Now think, O Christian—How should hopes like
these

Thy passions wean from earth, and fix thy heart
Where Jesus sits in heav'n, at God's right hand ?
If there thy treasure lies, and there thy strength,
If there resides thy *one* almighty Friend ;
If thy fair mansion of immortal rest,
Which never can decay, stands vacant there
Till thy glad coming ; if in that pure state
The blest society of ransom'd saints
And holy angels, in one bond of love

United, wait to make thy spirit room ;
Where can thy fond affections find delight,
Fit to compare with hope of endless bliss ?
And oh, what fruits should hopes like these produce
While we on earth abide ? Since Jesus owns
No barren branch united to himself,
But looks for prompt obedience from the soul
That wears his righteousness, and waits for heav'n,
Clad in that glorious vesture.—Honour, then,
Your noble calling by an holy life,
And prove your BIRTH celestial, as your HOPE.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK VIII.

SOCIAL RELIGION; OR, THE CHURCH ON
EARTH.

BLEST is the man, who (having felt himself
The pow'r and sweetness of redeeming love)
Unites with others, who have felt the same,
In sacred bonds of holy fellowship.
With mutual love inspired, each glowing heart
Burns with desire to seek the good of all;
While all are by the love of Christ constrain'd
To love supremely Him who dy'd to save;
And each his brother, for the Saviour's sake.
Blest is the social band, where souls like these,
In peaceful unity and cordial love,
Worship and praise, and hear the gospel sound,
And walk obedient, in each ordinance
By Zion's King commanded; and bear fruit,
By useful lives, to glorify his name.

One thing my soul desires, one fervent prayer
Oft at the throne of mercy I present—
Oh, grant me, Lord, whatever thou deny'st,
In such a church as this to spend my days,
Not useless, but enquiring after God :
Beholding in his courts his glorious face,
And basking in the smiles of love divine,
As the sure earnest of eternal bliss ;
Till, from thy throne, the messenger arrives
With my dismissal to the church above.
Thus saith the Lord, Heav'n is my lofty throne,
And earth my footstool. Where shall room be
found
To build an house for me ? What place of rest
Can earth afford to him who reigns in heav'n ?
Yet—Oh, the depths and heights of love divine !
Jehovah dwells in ev'ry contrite heart,
And forms himself an house of living stones,
Hewn from the quarry of our ruin'd race !
When God himself, that made the world, looks
down,
And from his high resplendent throne in heav'n
Surveys his footstool where we mortals dwell ;
He sees no object round the spacious globe,
From east to west, from pole to pole, so fair
In his divine esteem, as Zion is.

' This is my rest for ever, saith the LORD,
Here will I dwell.' The seat of his desire,
And palace of his presence, is the church.
The noblest pile that ever prest the earth,
That glorious structure rear'd by Solomon,
Where order, beauty, and magnificence,
Met in perfection, was a type of this ;
A figure only of the church of Christ.
The beams of cedar and the costly stones,
The gold, the silver, and the precious gems,
Wherewith that stately temple was adorn'd,
Tho' earth can boast no richer, had no worth,
Compar'd with saints redeem'd by precious blood ;
Immortal stones, which shine with living rays,
Form'd in celestial mines, and only found
Within the tropics of the Sun of heav'n ;
Compose the palace where Jehovah dwells,
Whether in earth, or in his courts above.

WHEN Jesus rose triumphant from the grave,
And death and hell lay captive at his feet,
Cloth'd with omnipotence, and girt with truth,
His right asserting, he declar'd his will ;
And thus commission'd his apostles first,
To lay the broad foundation of his reign.
' All pow'r in heav'n and earth is giv'n to me :

Go, therefore, teach all nations my commands;
He that believes your word, and in the name
Of Father, Son, and Spirit, is baptiz'd,
He shall be sav'd; but he that won't believe,
(Take warning, sinners!) shall be surely damned.
Lo, I am with you till the world shall end;
And lo, I send my Father's promise down
To fit you for your office. Tarry ye
In Salem, till I give you pow'r from heav'n.
Thus spake the voice which built the universe,
And will pronounce on all their final doom.
Then heav'n expanded wide her beauteous gates,
And robes of light and glory clad the Lord,
While he ascended to his rightful throne;
To reign till all his foes shall be subdued,
And all his chosen in his triumph share.
Great was the charge, to spread the Saviour's reign,
Against the pow'rs of earth and hell combin'd;
And weak, the instruments, if view'd as men.
But, furnish'd with celestial arms from God,
And with their Saviour's presence, they went
forth
Fearless, each brandishing the sword of truth,
Against the pow'rs of darkness: while the Lord,
Whose word they utter'd, with almighty pow'r
Pointed each sentence, till conviction pierc'd

The hearts of thousands. Then, from vanquish'd
souls,

'What shall we do?' became the general cry.

'Believe and be baptiz'd'—the preachers cry'd:

And willing thousands to the rivers ran,

Obedient to the Saviour's high command;

And, buried in the water with their Lord,

Rose with him to a new and heavenly life.

Back to their work the preachers soon return'd,

And Jesus crucified, was still their theme.

HIM, as exalted to the LORD's right hand,

A mighty Prince and Saviour they proclaim'd;

And prov'd his cross the way to peace with God.

What could withstand them? Facts as clear as
noon,

As the firm pillars of their doctrine stood;

And light, like sunbeams, with their words shone
out,

Convincing ev'ry conscience. Humble souls

Fell daily at their feet in multitudes,

Seeking salvation, and salvation found:

While such as hated the Redeemer's name,

Convinc'd, by miracles, the cause was God's,

Shut their own eyes against celestial light,

And barr'd their hearts against the reign of grace.

Hell was confounded—persecution's sword

Help'd on the persecuted. Stephen dy'd,
But triumph'd in his dying agonies;
And Saul, the persecutor, preach'd the cross.
Proud Pharisees, with lofty priests, combin'd,
And importun'd the iron arm of Rome
To lend their malice power: but all in vain.
Still Christ was preach'd, and still the pow'r of
God

The word attending, shook the gates of hell.
Then, when the Holy Spirit, by the word,
Wrought wonders in the mighty Saviour's name;
One heart, one soul, possess the multitude,
Divinely taught by Him. Then union grew
From hearts united by redeeming love,
And lives devoted to the Saviour's praise.
Union with Christ, enjoy'd by precious faith,
And one design to glorify his name,
Firing each happy individual's zeal,
Dissolv'd their sev'ral interests into *one*;
And they became, by mutual free consent,
A living temple of the Holy Ghost;
A church of Jesus, and an house of God.
All in one cause united, oft they met,
Both in the temple, and from house to house,
To hear, and spread the gospel's blissful sound;
To join in solemn pray'r, and cheerful praise;

To break the sacred bread, and drink the cup;
To strengthen and confirm each other's faith,
And walk together in the path of life.

THUS the foundation of the Christian church
By grace divine was laid. Each ransom'd soul,
Call'd out of darkness into gospel light,
First gave himself a living sacrifice,
To HIM who dy'd to save him from his sins;
Then to his brethren by the will of God.

HENCE springs the fellowship of saints on earth;
Taught by one Spirit, ransom'd by one price;
One bread they eat, and at one fountain drink;
All in one way pursuing one great end.
Likeness produces love, and love produc'd
Acts frequent by reciprocal delight,
And makes sweet harmony in prayer and praise.

SWEET is the day for worship set apart,
To those who thus assemble! On the smiles
Of LOVE OMNIPOTENT, at once they feast;
And for those smiles with one accord give thanks.
They love the hours that bring that welcome
morn,
And joyfully salute the dawning light

That calls them from their rest to seek the Lord.
'Come, let us go,' one to another cries;
'Come let us go to Zion's happy gates,
The sacred place of our Jehovah's feet,
Which he so oft makes glorious to our eyes*;
And wait his presence there.' His presence there
To those that seek, his word of grace ensures;
That word of grace on which his people rest.
Then Zion's children in her favour'd courts
Drink the pure milk of God's unmixed word,
And grow thereby, till they become young men.
Her young men and her fathers then partake
The rich provision of Jehovah's board,
And ripen fast for glory. Glory's dawn,
And emblem, is this day of sacred rest.
The faint and weary then their strength renew,
And mount to glory as on eagle's wings.
Fresh as the morning dews, and swift as light,
Their heavenly race unwearied they pursue;
And, without fainting, walk in duty's path.
Physic and balm the sick and wounded find
On this good day; and a physician, skill'd,
(Whatever their complaints) to heal them all.

* And I will make the place of my feet glorious. Isaiah
lx. 13.

And the name of the city from that day shall be, 'Jehovah is
there.' Ezek. xlviii. 55.

THESE are the courts Jehovah keeps below,
Where often, on his children, he bestows
Rich earnest of eternal life to come,
And precious tokens of his present care.

Go, stranger—walk the stately city * round :
Mark well her bulwarks, count her lofty towers,
And to the generations yet unborn
Transmit a just account. Her gates are praise;
Her walls are strong salvation, founded deep
On God's immutable decrees of grace,
And rais'd beyond the flight of creature thought.
Her steadfast bulwarks, with omnipotence,
Are girt about; and, with paternal love,
Closely cemented is each precious stone
That joins the stately structures to compose.
A river †, flowing with eternal grace,
Supplies her blest inhabitants with streams
Of solid peace, which they with gladness drink,

* Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following. Psal. xlviii. 12, 13.

We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Isaiah xxvi. 1.

† There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. Psal. xlv. 4.

And shout their joys aloud through all her gates:
Her lovely gates * on either side are plac'd:
For entrance into fellowship the one;
The other, for translation to the skies.
All those who enter come with grateful notes,
Adoring, as they pass, the matchless pow'r
That saves them from destruction's op'ning gulph:
And those who leave her courts below, to dwell
For ever in her palaces above;
Oft, as in love's bright chariot they ascend,
Shout to the heav'ns above and earth beneath,
And tell two worlds at once the bliss they feel!
Her laws are love and perfect liberty;
Her magistrates are righteousness and peace;
Her Lord is ruler of the heav'ns above,
And holds the earth and waters in his hand.
Grandeur, that looks an empire into shades,
Sits on his kingly brow. He rules, by love,
The subjects of the kingdom of his grace:
But, with the iron rod † of vengeance, breaks
The nations into shivers, that refuse,
Before the sceptre of his grace, to bend.

* Thou shalt call thy walls SALVATION, and thy gates PRAISE. *Isaiah lx. 18.*

† Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. *Psal. ii. 9.*

High on her towers the gospel flag of truce,
On invitation's gracious gale unfurl'd,
Waves to the strangers round. Her op'ning gates
Sound refuge, as their willing hinges move,
To all that fly from Satan's tyranny,
And from the false, destructive smiles of sin.

YET in this city, glorious* as it is,
No beauty to the worldling's eye appears.
Her walls, her gates, her blest inhabitants,
Her flowing river, and her heavenly food,
Her Lord supreme, and those unequall'd laws
By which he governs them that trust his grace;
The sweet communion of her happy saints,
And their immortal hopes, are all to him
As a romantic tale, or idle dream!

GREAT things and glorious in the sacred word
Are said of Zion. God shines forth from thence,
In all the glory of his righteous reign;
In all the splendour of his sov'reign grace.
Of all the works creating pow'r has form'd,
The beauty and perfection center there.
There the pure image of the Lord of life

* Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God! Selah.
Psal. lxxxviii. 3.

Buds from ten thousand hearts, renew'd by grace:
And plants, design'd for heaven's fair paradise,
Put forth celestial bloom while yet on earth.
Refresh'd with dews from heav'n, that lovely
mount,

Yields a profusion of such sacred sweets,
And (to an eye enlighten'd from above)
Spreads such delightful prospects, that the man
Who has survey'd her blissful walks and bow'rs,
Tasted her fruits, and from her summit view'd
The boundless glories of eternity,
Desires for ever on that mount to dwell.
'Tis pleasant to behold reviving spring,
As from her southern circuit she returns,
Melt, with her smiles, stern winter's icy throne;
Awake fresh verdure from his frozen plains,
And call those flow'ry beauties into life,
Which fell, destroy'd, before his cutting frowns.
But oh, to see an intellectual world,
By sovereign grace, restor'd to rectitude;
Rais'd from the barren state of death in sin,
By the strong beams of heaven's all-quick'ning Sun,
To holy life; and render'd fit to dwell
With kindred angels, and a smiling God!—
To see those beauties op'ning to the light,
Which will hereafter wear immortal bloom:

How much more solid pleasure does it yield !
As the broad sun-flow'r, from the morning dawn
Till ev'ning shade, turns after the bright orb
From which 'tis nam'd ; so turns the new-born
foul,

Call'd Christian, after him whose name he bears,
Deriving life and vigour from his rays,
By active faith, which quicken and transform
The soul, as it absorbs them. Not the name
Of Jesus only, founded from the lips,
Or by profession fixt to character,
Proves the true Christian : where God's presence
shines,

His likeness also lives. Each heart that feels
The vital beams of everlasting love,
Burns with a holy flame reciprocal ;
And shines with love to God, and love to man.
Then, when the heart is stor'd with grace divine,
The Saviour's name embalm'd with gratitude,
Drops from the lips, like honey-dew from flow'rs,
And sheds a heav'nly fragrance with the sound.

IN holy writ, where sacred truth resides,
The church is call'd the Garden of the Lord :
A garden, from this wilderness inclos'd,
And planted by the hand of sovereign grace ;

Christ, its first fruit, its full-blown flow'r, that
sheds

Lustre and dignity on all the rest:

And all the saints are only beautiful

In such degrees as they resemble HIM.

There *Meekness*, learning of its lowly Lord

Sweet resignation to the will supreme,

Lifts its submissive head: its only choice,

To be, to do, or bear, what God sees best.

There grows *Humility* (like the fam'd plant

Which shrinks before the touch), its lowly head

Bending beneath the smile of sov'reign grace,

Till its crown drops at the great Giver's feet;

Still least, when honour'd and exalted most.

There tow'ring *Faith* springs from celestial seed,

And bears immortal fruit. The sacred word

Supplies its vig'rous root with streams of life,

And its fair branches shine with heav'nly dew.

This is that plant, so much renown'd of old

For yielding glory to the Saviour's name;

Which never has been known to live on earth,

But as the gracious gift of love divine.

There, often shook by tribulation's storms,

Grows *Patience*, rooted fast, and clinging round

The lofty trunk of ever-smiling *Hope*:

Which, like a stately cedar, rears its head

Up into purer air; deriving thence
A richer verdure, and a sweeter bloom,
Than earth's terrestrial climate can produce.
There *Gratitude*, the full-blown rose of grace,
Displays its beauteous colours, and perfumes
The ambient air with the Redeemer's praise.
And there, chief beauty of the church below,
And fairest flow'r in paradise above,
Blooms glowing *Love*; the likeness of himself,
Who plants, and waters, prunes, and trains them
all.

THRICE happy he who dwells among the saints,
And walks serene thro' Zion's peaceful groves,
For daily meditation. None can tell,
Save those whose glorious privilege it is
Thus to be favour'd, what delights he knows.
Thrice happy he, whom Christ, his Lord, employs
To work in this fair garden. Constant there,
From rising morning till the sun goes down,
His sweet employment he in peace pursues;
And finds his task his wages. While the world
Grasps eager after wreaths, which fade when
touch'd,
He cultivates a soil which yields him fruit
For present comfort, and immortal store.

The plants he trains will bloom in endless life,
When all Arabia's spicy groves decay,
And Asia's fruit-abounding forests fade.
His labours must succeed who works for God,
And on whose work Jehovah deigns to smile.
He reaps indeed an harvest, who at length,
After long patience, and abundant toil,
Hears heaven's impartial Judge pronounce, 'Well
done ;

Enter the joy and triumph of thy Lord.
Thou hast been faithful o'er a little charge ;
Now rule o'er much, for ever reign with me.'
And he bids fair for that immortal crown,
Whose single eye, fixt on it all the way,
Keeps it in view, the end of all he does :
The motive which impels his diligence ;
The prize for which he struggles thro' the war.
But oh, consider well the solemn work,
Ye warm young candidates ! whose lively zeal
Outstrips your knowledge in the heavenly race.
Fain would you tell to others what you feel,
And vent an heart o'erflowing with delight,
By shouting forth, in the Redeemer's name,
This joyful news, ' Salvation is by grace !'
Fain would you lift the gospel-standard high,
And gather multitudes to Zion's camp.

But mark the words of one who, taught of God,
This weighty question puts—*‘How shall they preach,
Except they be sent forth?’* and sent by him,
Whose pow’r and goodness can command success.
If Christ, the King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Command us forth—his providence and grace
Concur to prove it, by an open door
Which none can shut; and by such useful gifts
As soon ensure our welcome where we come.
The church on earth is glory’s nursery;
Whence, as each tree of life grows ripe for bliss,
He, who first planted, prun’d, and water’d it,
Transplants it to his paradise above,
And there it blooms in everlasting spring.

O YE, who scan your Maker’s common works,
And justly call them wonders; could ye see
What nobler wonders in a plant of grace,
That buds with future glory, are inclos’d;
Could ye discern the likeness of the God,
Who made the wonders ye admire, shoot forth
From a degenerate plant of Adam’s stock,
With life divine ingrafted! Could ye trace
The beauteous red and white, of glowing love,
And spotless holiness, that tinge the mind
With a celestial hue; and through the life

Diffuse a grateful odour (sweeter far
Than all Arabia's spicy fields produce;)
What seen in nature pleases, seen by faith
Would more than please; it would transform the
soul,

And make each beauty you admir'd your own.
But, ah! not many wise*, not many rich,
Not many noble, have an eye to see,
An ear to hear, an heart to feel, the joys
That flow to sinners through the Saviour's blood.
The weak, the indigent, the wretched, share
The free salvation which the great disdain.
' Almighty Father, even so,' said once
The kindest tongue that ever spake on earth,
' For so thou hast ordain'd! ' Life, as a gift
Freely bestow'd, supported, rais'd, and crown'd;
The man that is not willing to receive,
Deserves, by his own wickedness, to die.

* For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence. 1 Cor. i. 26—29.

SHEW me a Christian—Is the jewel scarce?
 The just reflection makes a Christian's heart
 Sigh, while he looks around him:—Is scarce indeed!
 Shew me a thousand men that bear the *name*;
 And one, perhaps, the *character* displays!
 Who finds a Christian when he looks abroad?
 The man who, thro' th' accomplishments of art,
 The wealth and honours of a dying world,
 And nature's finest touches in the mind,
 Looks for a heart renew'd, and holy life,
 Whether the subject be a prince or clown.
 Who finds a Christian when he looks at home?
 The man who looks abroad, and loves the *soul
 That bears the Saviour's image—loves the test.
 Knowledge must fail; accomplishments decay,
 As mental vigour dies. Talents may shine
 Thro' life, and shine among the sons of men,
 When he that held and used them is no more.
 But talents have no wings to mount the skies;
 No worth inherent that will purchase heav'n.

* We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. I John iii. 14.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. John xiii. 35.

Charity (love) never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. I Cor. xiii. 8.

Eloquence, here, is but a tinkling sound;
But love's immortal, and can never die.
Love is the tree of life that grows in heav'n,
Fast rooted near th' eternal throne of God.
Life's fountain waters it; and the bright rays
Of heav'n enrich and ripen all its fruit.
Come, then, ye wise, (nor think reproof severe,
That flies upon the filken wings of love,)
Look on this city of solemnities,
And walk this lovely fruitful garden round.
Hear the sweet songs, and mark the flowing joys,
That all her happy converts feel and tell,
When they with expectation forward look,
In confidence of future blifs to come;
Backward, with gratitude, for mercies past,
And on their present lot with sweet content.
Then say, what have ye seen in all the walks
Of sense and speculation, to compare
With Zion's beauty, or with Zion's blifs?
But Zion, though the chief of all his works
Who built the universe, has been despis'd
By men of pow'r, almost in every age.
Since first her Captain mounted his white * horse,
And thro' the nations of the earth went forth,
Conq'ring his foes by love, and bringing down,

* Rev. vi. 2.

By sweet forgiveness, rebels to his feet ;
What opposition has his gospel met,
Ev'n from the men whom it was sent to save!
No base impostor, with infernal rites,
And laws infernal to enforce their use,
Has found the heart of man so obstinate
Against their entrance, as the truth of God !
Mahomet, and ev'n antichrist himself,
Tho' tyranny and slaughter mark'd their steps,
As each advanc'd his claim, were more esteem'd,
And better suited to the human taste,
Than TRUTH in her simplicity from heav'n,
With goodness, peace, and mercy, in her train.
The world (when Jesus was reveal'd from heav'n,
And prov'd, with pow'r, to be the Son of God)
Hated that light of truth, which tore the mask
From their hypocrisy. God's image, seen
In perfect brightness, bore no trait of their's ;
But prov'd the lapsed state of man from God,
And shew'd the holiness of God to man.
But men abhorr'd the Sun of Righteousness,
And shut their eyes on his unwelcome beams ;
Because their motives and their deeds were base,
And needed darkness to conceal them both.
Christ is the sun, and Zion is the moon ;
His light sets truth and judgment, heav'n and hell,

All plain before the conscience. Her's receiv'd,
And then reflected, though with feebl' rays,
Brings the same objects into view; and shews
That grace alone can turn the soul to God.
When Jesus preach'd on *sovereignty divine*,
Such pride and malice fill'd his hearers' hearts,
They would have dash'd him headlong from the
rock,

To shew their hatred to *that* glorious truth.
And when his humble followers tell the world
What sovereign grace had done to save their souls,
And how that grace has slain the pow'r of sin,
And kindled hopes of glory in their hearts;
Instead of seeking that salvation too,
Like Cain, when Abel's offering pleas'd the Lord,
Provok'd to envy what they still abhor,
They strike at God's fair image in his saints,
And rather dare his wrath than seek his love.
Hence persecution. Enmity to God
Existing in the heart of every man,
Is by his likeness in the saints provok'd,
And vents its rage against their LORD in them.
What streams of blood—what rivers have been
shed,

To silence those who publish peace from heav'n,
And aim at reconciling men to God!

The BEAST, with his seven heads, and ten crown'd
horns,

Has wallow'd in the blood of innocence ;

First by old PAGAN, then by PAPAL Rome,

Almost two thousand years ! Tyrannic pow'r,

And hellish craft combin'd, have long withstood

The righteous claim of heav'n's eternal King,

To rule the universe himself hath made.

But God hath promis'd his anointed Son,

The glorious King of kings, and Lord of lords,

That all his foes shall at his footstool bend,

And ev'ry nation, ev'ry kindred, own

His righteous government from pole to pole.

Bend, therefore, sinner ! bend, or you must break—

Bow to the sceptre of his sov'reign grace,

Lest the just vengeance of his iron rod

Should dash you into shivers. * Kifs the Son *—

Hear the glad news of mercy from his lips,

And plead for peace, thro' his atoning blood,

While yet his gospel-sound salutes your ears,

Lest, if his anger rise, you perish quick.

For who can bear his presence, if he frown,

Whose smile diffuses blessedness thro' heav'n ;

Whose wrath creates the quenchless flames of hell ?

Hark ! what convulsions shake the nations round !

* Psalm ii.

All Europe feels it ! 'Tis the batt'ring ram
Of Zion's Gen'ral, struck against the walls
Of ancient Babylon, to break them down :
And down, at one tremendous stroke of his,
Behold a tenth of her vast empire sinks !
Howl, ye oppressors of the human race !
Ye priestly tyrants over Zion, howl !
For her almighty Lord asserts her right,
And will maintain and vindicate her cause,
Tho' earth and hell combin'd his truth withstand.
Shout ! O ye ransom'd servants of the Lord—
Shout ! for behold your GREAT REDEEMER comes,
Array'd in robes of light and majesty.
Earth shines with rays of glory from his face,
And prophecy receives accomplishment
Still more and more, as his approach draws near.
The vast stupendous wheels of Providence
Move on his stately chariot to the war ;
And earth, and seas, and fire, and light, and air,
With pow'r, and truth, and Justice, in their van,
Marshal'd before him, wait his dread command.
His vesture dipt in blood he'll soon assume,
And write upon his garment and his thigh,
Conspicuous, his high and holy name.
What pow'r can stand, when thus the Lord ap-
pears,

What pow'r can stand against him? He will shake
Both heav'n and earth at once. He will destroy
The vail, which from all nations hides his light,
And shine and reign ador'd, belov'd and serv'd,
Far as the sun extends his feeblest beams.
The morning dawns on Zion, and the night
Hangs over Babylon. Her sun goes down;
And Jesus, the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Begins to tinge, with his celestial beams,
The distant shores. Bright, on America,
More than an age, his vital rays have shone;
As happy thousands round the throne of bliss
Bear witness; and as thousands yet below
Give living proof, and hope to join them soon.
There the bold heralds of the Prince of Peace,
With fervent zeal, clear light, and rich success,
Have long proclaim'd salvation. May that zeal
Glow with increasing fervour! May that light
Shine with increasing evidence and strength;
And richer fruits of mercy crown their work,
Who labour there to make salvation known.

OUR noble brethren, of *Moravian* name,
Have long endur'd the cross, to make it known,
'Midst Greenland snows, and on the dismal shores
Of barb'rous Esquimaux: nor think it hard

To spend their lives with filthy Hottentots,
In hope of saving their immortal souls.
But oh! what groans does harden'd Europe hear
(Echo'd from one vast quarter of the globe)
Unfeeling, tho' they sound from breaking hearts,
And rent relations, of our kindred men!
Yet deeply as oppression's iron gripe
Wounds those who feel it, a still darker cloud
Than savage ignorance, and slavish toil,
Involves our brethren of those burning realms.
The vast extensive coasts of Africa,
From Barbary to her most Southern Cape,
Have long remain'd a mental wilderness.
No seeds of life immortal have been sown,
Few plants of grace train'd up for paradise,
In those vast regions for long ages past,
Tho' from her fruitful soil all earthly good
In rich variety and plenty springs,
Almost spontaneous. Tho' she shines with gems,
And golden treasures in her mines lie hid;
Yet one rich jewel she has seldom seen,
The brilliant of inestimable TRUTH,
Beaming with rays of righteousness and peace,
Set graceful in fair mercy's diadem
By skill divine; and worn with equal grace
By him whose temples once were crown'd with
 thorns.

OH, may the smile of heav'n propitious rest
On those, whose hearts with injur'd Africa
Feel sympathetic ! who lament those wrongs
They can't redress. Peace to the noble breast
Which glows with higher zeal, to see her shores
Enrich'd with rivers of immortal bliss,
By the pure gospel, whence salvation flows.
But may all blessings in one centre meet
To crown their heads, whose gen'rous souls expand
With strong desire, and labour with design,
By grace divine assisted, to convey
The joyful tidings of REDEMPTION there !
Ye social band of heralds, who proclaim
Near England's centre, the Redeemer's grace ;
Hail, few in number, but magnificent
In your benign designs ! Tho' small your pow'r,
Not wanting in good-will, you cannot fail.
Go on, and prosper, for success is sure
To him who lifts the standard of the cross
With one design alone. Who wields the sword
Of truth divine, to smite the pow'r of sin ;
And draws his bow with this fair mark in view,
GLORY TO GOD—SALVATION TO MANKIND.

ALREADY some bright beams of blissful hope
Reflect encouragement from Indian shores.

And now with zeal, which fears no obstacles,
And love, which grasps at the whole human race,
Your eyes are turn'd to Afric's burning realms;
Your hearts are yearning o'er her captive sons.
Fain would you free them from the chains of sin;
Fain would you send them gospel liberty,
And teach the most enslav'd of all mankind
The highest freedom in the universe.

Our eyes have seen the men that pant to leave,
For burning sands, their native much-lov'd shores,
Because much more they love the souls of men:
Our ears have heard the gospel from their lips,
Yea, more, our hearts have felt the sacred bonds
Of holy union to their heav'n-born souls.

Go, then, ye champions of the King of kings,
Leave your dear friends, and England. But the
Friend

Who loves you best, the Friend whom most you
love,

Confin'd within no limits, can attend,
With his sweet presence, all your wat'ry path.
His smiles will make the ship a floating heav'n;
His name, like a strong tow'r, will keep you safe
From ev'ry dang'rous foe. For what can harm
The men whom God preserves? Oh, may he bring
Your joyful feet to tread on that *free ground*

Which long was known a mart of slavery * ;
And grant you there, with those that love his name,
A happy meeting, and a useful stay ;
Till his wise providence point out the steps
Which lead you on to your more arduous work.
Then may the Lord, who suffer'd on the cross
To ransom sinners, fire your souls with zeal,
And furnish you with wisdom and with might,
To lift his banners where the hosts of hell
Have long defended their infernal holds ;
And make you valiant in his glorious cause,
And crown your noble efforts with success !

BUT mark the force with which example shines.
Struck with the fitness of a work so good,
Fir'd with the zeal with which that work is
wrought,
An host assembles—'tis a glorious host ;
From north to south, from west to east, they come,
And throng the gates of Zion. What a sight
Has grac'd our city, and made London seem
A new Jerusalem ! The Lord of hosts
Is surely waging war with sin's domains,

* Free Town, at Sierra Leone; where there is a Baptist church, consisting of between fifty and sixty members, besides other Christian societies.

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* Free Town, at Sierra Leone; where there is a Baptist church, consisting of between fifty and sixty members, besides other Christian societies.

When thus he calls his holy armies forth,
And marshals them together. 'Tis the cause
Of God and Christ, in which they all unite.
The sacred sword they draw is truth divine;
The pow'r that helps them is omnipotence;
The end they seek is universal peace—
Peace with the King supreme, and peace on earth,
Built on the basis of paternal love.
Oh, let us aid them in the glorious work!
'Tis not to form a party, but to spread
The strong cementing energy of love
Thro' the wide world, that these have join'd their
pow'r.

Wisdom has grac'd their counsels; and such joy
As mark'd the glorious day of pentecost,
Was felt in their assemblies: such in kind,
Though in degree not equal. Sure the Lord
Was then among us! 'Twas the house of God,
The gate of heav'n to our adoring souls.
May his approving smile, who rules on high,
Shine on your efforts, and in this good work
Your hearts encourage! May his Spirit rest
On all your heav'n-illuminated minds,
The spring of wisdom, and the source of strength.
And may his wise and gracious providence
Supply you with an host for war with sin.

Our solemn meetings, when the heathen lands
Excite our pity, and your grand designs
Enlarge our hope, become more solemn still.
We ask more boldly when we hear the voice,
Which spoke creation into motion first,
Summons the angels of the churches round,
And give them charge to spread the Saviour's
 reign,
Wide as the sun extends his useful beams.
With sacred awe we turn those pages o'er,
Where ancient prophecy points out these days,
And feel our hearts expand. 'It is the Lord!'
Each glad disciple whispers to his friend:
Do we not feel our hearts within us burn
With something more than common fellowship?
'It is the Lord,' that by his Spirit moves
The hearts of thousands! Do not Zion's gates
With praise resound? While converts flock like
 doves,
And crowd her windows, to escape the storm.
Oh! may the light of life diffuse its rays
O'er all benighted nations round the globe,
And love dissolve all kindreds into one!
The breath of prayer shall fill the gallant sails,
By love unfurl'd, to bear your Missions out;
And they, tho' few, while fervent, are an host,

M

Sufficient to alarm th' infernal pow'rs,
When they perceive what praying souls can do.
The multitude of islands will be glad,
When once they understand the Saviour's name,
To cast their idols to the moles and bats,
And worship him alone, who died to save,
And lives to make his great salvation known.
The time is hast'ning when all shores shall ring
With loud hosannas to the Lamb of God:
All nations bend before him; Christ alone
Will be exalted. God will set his King
On Zion's holy hill; and all the world
Shall flow to his dominions, and become
The willing subjects of his righteous reign.
Thus sounds the sacred harp of prophecy;
And who can hear it, but must feel desires
Within his bosom, which no power can check—
No bounds can circumscribe? He comes! He
comes!

Big with anticipation; each glad heart
Sings to itself, and inwardly exults
With blissful expectation. Ev'n the sound
Of his triumphal chariot-wheels awakes
Inquiry into God's revealed will.
He comes! He comes! The groans of Babylon,
The shouts of Zion, and the fervent prayers

Of saints of every name in unity,
Join as one voice; and all proclaim, 'He comes.'
Soon will all eyes, with ecstasy, behold,
In one exalted person manifest,
A reigning Saviour, and a smiling God.
Then for the morning of immortal day,
When the bright Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
And bless the nations with his sev'n-fold light;
When love and joy, and holiness, shall crown
The fruitful seasons through a thousand years.

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